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Around Town.

Four different newspapers last week in dealing with the political question that now absorbs the attention of the country, spoke of it as a trouble that might end in the "smashing of Confederation into its original fragments," or words to that effect. Since, as a boy in quest of mischief, I crowded my way into my first political meeting, the "smashing of Confederation" has been the talk of orators. There is always a campaign speaker to shout that if his opponents persist in their course it will result in the smashing of Confederation. Is it not time that this figure of speech was dropped as one that has lost meaning?

Old men are apt to regard Confederation as a thing of yesterday. The years glide by very quickly, and those who shared the hopes and fears that moved the Fathers of Confederation, still hold those hopes and fears and regard the federation of the provinces into a Dominion as yet partaking of the nature of an experiment. To them it was only yesterday that there was patched up, with many misgivings, a plan of union, which was accepted by all parties to it, although satisfactory to none of them. To such men it seems only yesterday that Nova Scotia was pulled in by the ears. They saw Confederation built; they know where every screw and nail is hidden; they know it is made of various parts; they recall the fears of the builders; they are yet looking for the shock that will cause it to fall apart—they are still watching Confederation as an adventurous hazard, while it is, in fact, no longer an experiment.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Confederation was accomplished—almost one-third of a century. To-day, from 'one end of Canada to the other, from the north to the south, from the east to the west, there is spread a population of millions to whom Confederation is not now, and never has been, an experiment. All those under thirty years of age feel inherently that the Dominion of Canada is as stable, as immutable, as indivisible as any country on earth. They cannot comprehend a Canada other than the federated Canada in which they were born, and they associate in their minds the conditions that immediately preceded Confederation, with the French regime, the troubles of '37, and the other phases of our formative growth that belong exclusively to times past and gone forever. Not only is that great half of the population which is under the age of thirty years—this hopeful and potential half—imbued with spirit that would make the "smashing of Confederation" impossible, but as men only attain full citizenship at the age of twenty-one, we find that every man in Canada at or under the age of fifty belongs to the post-federal era. When they reached man's estate they found Confederation an accomplished fact. This means that those who regard the thing as an experiment, who feel it to be, a contract entered into and terminable on due notice, are the men who are above fifty years of age. The efficacious majorities; the energetic multitudes who dominate politics; the men who transact the bulk of the country's business, who control and direct its commerce, bear its burdens and produce its wealth, are men unfamiliar with any other condition than that which exists.

Some great incalculable force plays a part in the work of nation-making and renders it impossible for any man or group of men in a fit of pique to cause the wheels to turn backwards. This great force may be nothing more nor less than the upgrowth of a new generation with a sentiment that is new and suited to the progress that has been made. Old men may wag their heads and say gloomy things, and campaigners who love strong phrases may talk of Confederation being smashed into its original fragments, but they are talking the jargon of a past time. The Dominion can be disrupted by nothing short of revolution, and to this danger we are no more exposed than the most secure empire, kingdom or republic in the world. A voluntary union which has been preserved long enough for a new generation to almost entirely replace the old, is a union no longer based upon a signed parchment, but is indissoluble. Whatever error time may cause to be discovered in the relations of any part of the people to the great bulk of the people, must be borne with while possible, and rectified if needs be, but if any attempt is made to disintegrate the Dominion the New Generation must speak out in the relations of any part of the people to the old men who pore over documents and regard Confederation as merely a contract in law. We must speak out and say that the experiment which they inaugurated in 1867 was a success and that God and nature have ratified it since, have taken it out of their hands, and that two or three millions of new Canadians decline to recognize any right or authority, written or unwritten, specifically set forth or cleverly implied, that would under any circumstances sunder this Dominion into its original parts. Inequalities should be adjusted; accommodation should be made for conditions that were not foreseen, but the thing that binds us all is a compulsion to hold the country together and make it great and good though we do it ill-gently, rather than destroy it, or submit to its destruction, by legal conformity to the sentiments and contracts of our fathers.

What is right, retain; what is wrong, remedy. The Dominion is old enough and strong enough to assert itself. The sons of the new Dominion are old enough and numerous enough to raise a New Voice in politics—the voice of those who have no experience of the old order of things,

who are too powerful to permit any return to that old order and who are tired of the endless wrangling over the issues that belong to the ante-federal era. This new voice should declare against the continuance of the race war and the creed war, and enforce it upon the State as a principle that the State cannot distinguish among its sons the man whose ancestors hailed two centuries ago from Normandy or from Kent, or the man whose conscience holds one view of truth or another view of it. The new voice should proclaim what the new generation of Canadians of every race and creed have in mind, and I take it that this generation looks to a future that the Fathers of Confederation scarcely dreamed

honest young women, we come to a couple of points that concern Toronto very much. It is not disputed that Agnes Holland was buried as a pauper and without any Christian rites. The public feeling that is now aroused takes a purely personal direction. This girl, it is claimed, should not have been so buried. She had effects that would have defrayed the cost of proper burial; she had friends who were inexpressibly shocked that she had not received Christian burial. It seems very pertinent to enquire, however, if it is the practice to bury real paupers, who have no effects and no friends to feel shocked, without Christian burial. The sentiment of this city is overwhelmingly Christian, and it seems incredible that those who

clearing his reputation, and he proved that Agnes Holland had been put underground, and not sent to some dissecting-room. I am told that there is no way of telling how this false rumor started. This may be true. The subject is too gruesome to be pursued to a finish in the columns of this paper, but there is no doubt about the fact that the sentiment of this city is decidedly against treating with contumely the remains of those who die poor and friendless. The pauper who desires Christian burial should get it, and the grave of the pauper should be as well guarded against desecration as that of the richest man. The pauper is under no obligation to forward the science of a world in which he suffered and starved. Battered, beaten and

that the country wants "a say" in the case, and no attempt should have been made to cheat the people of the right to be heard. If the hierarchy is pleased with the way Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., is carrying out that contract, then the hierarchy is much too guileless to meddle with politics. Sir Charles should not have bargained to do a wrong thing, but having so bargained there was only one way by which he could enhance the iniquity, and his unerring instinct detected that way—he could cheat his partners in the game. Making a fine show of a purpose that is unflinching by holding night and day sessions, he provokes daily the most rambling discussions by attacking this member and that on personal points. He kills time most studiously. He sends out a commission that can accomplish nothing on earth beyond bringing back a report which will create a diversion and consume much of the time that remains.

He is playing into the hands of the anti-medicalists, but few are disposed to thank him. A just cause needs no aid from treachery, and when the elections come on and supporters of the Government are, in Quebec, pointing to the night and day sessions as proof of the Government's zeal, and are, in Ontario, pointing to the way in which he juggled with the whole business and never meant to pass it, decent people in both provinces will condemn him for two reasons instead of one. Ever since he came over from London with his trunk full of tricks he has been springing them on the House. He figures that if the Liberals and McCarthy, Wallace and the others let the Bill pass, they will get part of the blame in Ontario and none of the credit in Quebec. If they don't let it pass he will be solid in Quebec, he thinks, and can catch Ontario with cunning winks. But the telegraph wire will play a large part in the coming campaign, and the *kodak* will capture every wink.

Obstruction is the only way by which those members who hold that the country should pass judgment upon this question can get the matter referred to the country. If it is expensive, the fault lies, not with those who obstruct, but with those who called an unnecessary session of Parliament expressly to perpetrate objectionable legislation before the country could forbid it.

It is with pleasure that I am able to announce that the *Man in the Linen Duster* who is building the new City Hall and Court House, has, since our last issue, been joined by two other men who also peck at the stone face of the building with mallets and chisels. As the back line correspondent would say, "Things are going to boom in our vale this summer."

The proposal to form a regiment of militia from the Six Nations Indians is one that is very attractive. No Canadian needs to be reminded of the loyalty and valor of these countrymen of ours in other days, and unless civilization has caused them to deteriorate, they should make fine soldiers. The proposal is not only a good one, but coming from the Indians direct it is a most convincing proof of the advance of the redmen in the ways of the world. That they put forward their claim at a time immediately before a general election, proves that they are highly civilized. Having asked at the right time they will almost assuredly get what they want, and until the elections are over every able-bodied male among them will feel that he is going to be a colonel, or a captain at the very least.

The Royal Six Nations would make a fine show regiment and would be in great demand at pageants of every sort. It might be well, however, to keep the Indians strictly for service at home. Should we allow them to volunteer for Imperial service in the Soudan or elsewhere, it might be construed into a final solution of the Indian problem. If we allowed them to go abroad they would be convincing proof, perhaps, that we are getting civilized in Canada, but still, they would be accepted as proof that we are Indians ever.

The red man offering to put on military clothes and fitting his offer with an adroitness that proves him master of the intricacies of Christian civilization, suggests, however, a doubt as to whether he is really better off than he was before we rescued him from barbarism. A debating school could argue very interestingly as to whether it might not have been better had he moulded us to his mode of life. Sometimes, as we reflect upon the troubles and tragedies of life as we find it, the old life of the Indian seems highly attractive. La grippe, appendicitis, diphtheria, taxes, typhoid, promissory notes and nervous prostration were unknown to him. His wife was a noble woman who didn't want to vote. She roasted meat on a forked stick and when she wanted a new dress she simply picked up a pole, went out, and knocked a beaver or a coon on the head, just as coon or beaver happened to be the latest thing out. All through the winter the Indian had nothing to do but roll himself in buffalo robes and smoke beside a big fire, which was kept blazing by a dutiful wife who chopped wood just far enough away so that the noise would not disturb his meditations. When spring came the Indian did not have to look through dirty windows at brick walls stretching for miles; he had nothing to do but bound through the everglades and yell. There is nothing that civilized man yearns for more than to have a real good yell. All the glad summer-time the Indian was free to course about and scalp every person who wasn't



AT THE ZOO.

It is right that the young man should assert himself, for he is not merely an atom of life; he is a type—he typifies the New Age, the broader day. He is, in fact, the first-born son of this Dominion. The races, long at strife—the colonies long apart and scowling—wedded, and he is the first product of the union, and in him all animosities meet and dissipate each other. The day has come, the documents are ready; let him enter into his inheritance and assert his rights.

The case of Agnes Holland is a very sad one. While it is very likely true that the only difference between this case and scores of others that happen in Toronto every winter, is that the facts regarding the girl's death somehow became known and excited public sympathy, yet we all have good reason to feel startled at the revelations made. To pass over that part of the case which has brought adverse criticism upon that institution which is supposed to take a deep interest in homeless and

are too poor to have friends looking after their interests should be tumbled into a hole without those rites which have become an essential part of religion. Let a man, a known sceptic all his life, be brought to the graveside for burial, and there are those ready to force the rites of Christianity upon those who demur. It would seem, though, that paupers are tumbled into graves without ceremony and no questions are asked, unless "effects" are discovered, and "friends" intervene, and a "well-to-do father" is to be written.

Another thing that concerns the reputation of the city in its relation to paupers, is the fact that Undertaker Stone deemed it necessary, in view of rumors that had got abroad, to open the grave and show the body of Agnes Holland to the Mayor and other reputable witnesses. To speak plainly, it had been rumored that the body of the girl did not get into a grave at all, but had been "otherwise disposed of." The undertaker very rightly insisted upon

hounded when alive, he or she should be sacred in death. The suspicion is abroad, as this case proves, that human bodies have a commercial value, and the self-respect of the citizens of Toronto demands that proper steps be taken to accord Christian burial and an undisturbed grave to the pauper.

No 1. Judge Masson. Let us keep tally as they come out.

Obstructionists never had before them so easy a task as now confronts those men who are resolved that the Remedial Bill shall not pass during the life of the present parliament. When three out of four members of a government desire obstruction, and the leader of the House goes so far as to covertly provoke it, it is an easy matter for half-dozen resolute men, so helped, to succeed in obstruction. To stigmatize Clarke Wallace, McCarthy, McNeill, Sprout and O'Brien as obstructionists will not fill them with terror, since these men know

looking, and if at last he got scalped himself he knew what was the matter with him without paying for a medical examination. He knew that no complications would set in after the operation, that no inquest would be held, and no squabble arise over his estate. He lived a free man and died of tomahawk in four seconds. There is something ideal about it. Our own way of slaving at a bench or a desk all our days and dying for years at a time, relapsing and convalescing, and wasting our money in seeking mountain air, to the disgust of our widows and other heirs, is very inferior to the career of Lo.

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* in supporting the contention that the State should put forth its best efforts to ascertain the causes of crime, goes further than I did and suggests that in order to put a stop to the commission of crimes by insane people, the State should hang the parents of those who escape punishment on the insanity plea.

No item of news has been printed for a long time more depressing in its effects than the announcement that the great Cronkhite fortune awaiting Canadian and United States claimants in a bank over in Holland, has no real existence. Accustomed as we all were to the tricks of sharpers who advertise for heirs to chimerical estates in Great Britain, yet this Cronkhite fortune was so publicly advertised, the manner of its accumulation so circuit, substantially described, and the heirs so numerous and so business-like in asserting themselves, that we all believed in the money. Even yet the country papers are discovering further heirs who "will get a slice of the seventy millions." It is rather tough to be identified as one of the heirs to such a fortune, and then to find that it does not exist, and it would make interesting reading if some clever Cronkhite would collect from all the rest, absolutely true written statements of what they intended to do with the money. It would make a valuable book. Even a book setting forth What We Did on the Expectation of Getting the Money would no doubt be full of amusing and pathetic chapters. The woman who went from New York to Europe to get a fortune of fifty million dollars and returned in the steerage is by no means alone in her experience. There are others. The great public will soon forget this hoax, as the Bank of Holland declares it to be, but the Cronkhites of North America will have it as a family tradition, and likely faith in the fortune will never quite die out. Once a man is seized of the idea that a fortune is about to fall on him, he can never wholly recover from it. Every strange letter is opened with an involuntary thought that further news is coming, and so strongly is this embedded in human nature that perhaps sharpers make most money after their hoax seems to be thoroughly exposed. MACK.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not hold her usual Wednesday reception next week on account of that day being chosen for the opening of the Horse Show.

A bunch of jonquils in vivid yellow, tied with deep blue ribbon, will be the proper floral offering next week to one's lady love or best girl by the man who is in the lady.

Miss Delamere of Cecil street, who has been for four months visiting her aunt, Mrs. Septimus Denison, at London, returns home next week.

The annual dinner of the Toronto Curling Club was held at the Walker House on Tuesday evening, at which Mr. Melvin-Jones, the president, took the chair.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne has been detained at Lakewood by the continued illness of her little daughter, but returns by easy stages to Toronto immediately.

Wild-eyed and worried are many women this week over the short-comings of their dressmakers, and dread that the sumptuous garments destined to illuminate the Armories next week be not forthcoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell of 96 St. George street leave very soon for England, and have rented their pretty home for a year to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Nelson, has been much enlarged by the addition of a spacious drawing room on the north side, which has only recently been completed and which adds greatly to the appearance of the mansion.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Grant have taken up house at No. 4 Earl street. Three charming young matrons are now near neighbors on that quiet and cosy corner—Mrs. Anglin's and Mrs. Alley's residences immediately adjoining the new home of Mrs. Grant.

After the medical convocation at Trinity on Tuesday several of the now delightfully inevitable teas were given. Professor and Mrs. Clark received a few friends.

Mrs. Mackenzie, the charmingly pretty wife of the professor of mathematics at Trinity, is to go as Titania to the Shakespeare evening.

At Mr. Haslam's conference this afternoon Miss Gladys Notman, Miss May Taylor, Miss Kate Clark, Mr. Percyval Parker, Mr. Gorrie, Miss Ella Ronan, Mrs. Dow, and last but by no means least, Mrs. Charles Crowley, are to contribute illustrations of Mr. Haslam's theme.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier was in the city during Friday and Saturday of last week, and was the guest of Mr. Janes at Benvenuto.

Mrs. George F. Bostwick, who has been spending a month in Toronto, returned to New York last Monday accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. Mont Lowndes and little son.

The Shakespeare evening, which is arranged for April 22, is taking definite shape. Groups in costume are being arranged by several pro-

minent ladies, and I hear a couple of Jullets, with their attendant nurses, are also expected. The *soiree dansante* follows a concert of unusual excellence, in which Miss Huston will sing a couple of Shakespearean solos. Mr. Wylie Grier will also sing two songs, from the pen of the immortal bard. Miss Street and Rev. J. C. Mockridge are getting up some instrumental selections. Professor Huntingford is, as usual, full of energy and enthusiasm and is arranging some glees which are to be rendered by Trinity students and St. Hilda's. It is earnestly requested that all those who have evinced interest in the affair will aid in the grand *finale* and ensure its success by appearing in costume. Toronto people are not markedly original in such matters, more from lack of energy than want of talent, which leaves them without excuse.

The annual concert given under the auspices of the Ladies' Association of the Church of the Messiah on Tuesday evening, April 7, attracted a large and cultivated audience. All the performers acquitted themselves most creditably. Those who took part were: Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Gunther, Miss Leigh, Miss Welch, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. McDonough, Master Herbert Wagner and Mr. Nichols. The concert was very successful in every particular.

St. Basil's church last Sunday morning was thronged by eager crowds anxious to be present at the solemn high mass. Rev. Father Marjion was celebrating; Rev. Father Teefey, deacon; Mr. L. Lesches, sub-deacon. Listening to the combined choir and orchestra, under the artistic leadership of Mr. John Bayley, perform Haydn's Sixteenth Mass, one felt that the worship of that Easter morning was indeed a sacred pleasure. The soprano soloists were Mesdames Mouré and J. D. Warde, who sang effectively. The contralto part was taken by Miss Katherine Ward, a young lady possessing a voice of exceptional richness and sympathetic power. Mr. Kirk was the tenor. The baritone was Mr. Costello, whose voice is one of great brilliance. At the evening service Giorza's Vespers were sung.

Mrs. Walter Blackburn of London will be the guest of Mrs. G. A. Case for the Horse Show.

Miss Harriet Blackburn is visiting Miss Ince for Horse Show week.

Mrs. Anderson of London will be the guest of Mrs. Barker of Beverley street for Horse Show week.

Mrs. Glass of London spent Easter with Mrs. Barker of Beverley street.

Everyone who can has some one staying with them this week, and from various towns and cities have come smart people to add lustre to the Horse Show, which is a spring function almost as tempting as the Races to a certain small crowd.

The now famous choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church, under the leadership of Mr. A. S. Vogt, will give a concert in Association Hall on Tuesday, April 14. A capital programme of choral and solo work has been prepared, and a rare treat can be expected by those who attend. The plan is now open at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

On Easter Monday the choir of the Collingwood Presbyterian church gave a sacred concert, in which they were assisted by the following well known Toronto vocalists: Miss Ella Roman, contralto; Miss Flossie Bonsall and Mrs. Bassett soprano, and Mr. A. M. Gorrie, tenor.

The citizens of Toronto are again, on Tuesday evening next, to have the privilege of listening to one of the greatest treats of the season. The Mock Parliament is a satire of humor, logic and sound reason which could not easily be surpassed. The speeches are rhetorical, characterized by clearness—to the point; and on the last occasion were enunciated with great distinctness. It is a most enjoyable entertainment, significant of the times, and deserves a full attendance.

The Thalia Club held another of its fortnightly dances on Thursday evening last at the residence of Miss McKellar of Cowan avenue.

The next lecture of the Woman's Art Association of Canada will be delivered in the studio, 39 Canada Life Building, on Wednesday, April 15, at 4 p.m., by Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A. Subject—Sculpture.

Miss Mollie MacLeod-Moore has gone to New York to study art.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Rev. Bertie Knowles of Ottawa to Miss Emma Katherine Jones of New Bern, North Carolina. Mr. Knowles preached with great acceptance to the congregation of St. Andrew's church on Good Friday last.

The Misses Beatty return home to-day.

The double wedding of Miss Mary Long and Mr. Hugh Edward McLoy, and Miss May Hughes and Mr. Charles O'Connor, son of Mr. O'Connor, Q.C., of Ottawa, takes place next Wednesday morning at half-past nine o'clock. The bridal parties will hold a double reception at Woodlawn, Mr. Long's residence on the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets, to which Mr. and Mrs. Long have invited the friends of both brides. Tickets of admission to the church must be held by all desiring to witness the ceremony, after which those invited to Woodlawn will there offer congratulations to the newly-wed. Two pretty brides who deserve every good wish will wear the orange blossoms, and let us hope that April weather may smile on Wednesday.

The state luncheon to the distinguished guests at the opening of the Horse Show, and the opening afternoon and evening are sure to make Wednesday a very busy social day.

Children's parties are always a feature of the Easter holidays, and this week has seen quite a number of them. On Wednesday Mrs. Hargrave of Simcoe street gave one, and another for children of a larger growth on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason gave a dinner at Ermeleigh on Tuesday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen. Mr. and Mrs. W. H.



Miss Kay—And so you are going to Europe?

Mr. Jay—Yes.

Miss Kay—Oh, it must be just *lovely* to go to Europe and see the kings and things.

Beatty gave a dinner on Wednesday to twenty-four guests, which I hear was noticeably elegant.

Miss Bertha Strathy, daughter of Dr. George Strathy, and Dr. Allan Huggins were quietly married at St. Thomas's church on Wednesday by the rector, Rev. J. C. Roper, and Canon DuMoulin. Mr. Winder Strathy was best man. Owing to recent family bereavement the wedding was entirely private. Dr. and Mrs. Huggins will reside in Cleveland.

Mrs. Harry Pellatt gave a *soiree dansante* on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Plummer and Miss Mollie leave on Monday for a tour in Europe.

Mrs. John I. Davidson gave a small luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. Wragge gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. McLean of University street gave a luncheon on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cochrane of Beverley street gave a luncheon on Tuesday.

Miss Blossom Kingsmill of Grange avenue is spending Easter in New York.

Miss Edith Moyer of Berlin is visiting in the city.

Mr. Joseph Keele, B.A., Sc., fellow in architecture in the School of Practical Science, leaves on April 14 on an architectural tour of England. Mr. Keele expects to be absent about four months.

Mr. George S. Morrice left on Saturday evening last for New Brunswick, where he will be absent on business for about six months. On the Saturday previous Mr. Morrice was tendered a complimentary dinner at the Toronto Club by a few of his friends. Mr. Morrice, who is a Montrealer, was extremely popular while in Toronto.

The *Canadian Gazette* announces in its last issue that the Duke of Westminster has received at Grosvenor House, for the Armenian Relief Fund, from the citizens of Toronto, per the Earl of Aberdeen, £157.

April is apparently dedicated to Hyacinth. On next Wednesday the double wedding at Our Lady of Lourdes takes place. On the following Tuesday Miss Mary Robinson and Mr. Lally McCarthy are to be made one, and on the last Wednesday in this month Captain Michie weds Miss Edna Lee. The last two brides, who are so popular in society, are fortunately to remain with us as matrons.

The opening of the eighth annual exhibition of the Woman's Art Association took place on Easter Monday afternoon, and was extremely enjoyable. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were present and were received with much pleasure by the ladies, who presented Mrs. Kirkpatrick with a beautiful bouquet of sweet-peas and maiden-hair ferns. The exhibition is in every way most interesting and a great success. On Wednesday an open evening was held, at which there was a large and enthusiastic attendance.

A pretty sight to be seen in Rosedale is the mistress of Hillcrest and her two pretty little daughters taking their morning spin on their wheels. But one can scarcely say where one sees the prettiest family party a-wheel. Coming up St. George street of an evening at sundown, one sees matrons looking like girls, and girls looking fairly bewitching with the glow of health and enjoyment. What calves one sees on the sterner sex! For every man who owns a pair of fine leather stockings turned over below the knees, a *Anglais*.

An institution which is receiving well deserved support and encouragement is the Western Hospital on Manning avenue. A dozen or more Toronto physicians have started this needed establishment and an enthusiastic board is working for its benefit. The board meeting last week was well attended, and an inspection of the hospital was very satisfactory. Articles of furniture for the wards are needed, and such donations will be gratefully acknowledged. Miss Read and Miss Sundys are the nurses in charge of the patients at present.

The Misses Beatty return home to-day.

Miss Bell of Chatham is the guest of Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross.

Miss O'Flynn of Madoc is to visit Mrs. R. S. Neville during the Horse Show.

Dr. Graham has purchased the residence on Bloor street opposite Jarvis, which has been so



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CHAPTER XXII. (CONTINUED.)

The Dutch ships were at Chatham. English men-of-war were blazing at the very mouth of the Thames, and there was panic lest the triumphing foe should sail their warship up the river to London, besiege the Tower, relight the fire whose ashes were scarce grown cold, pilage, slaughter, destroy—as Tilly had destroyed the wretched provinces in the religious war.

Here in this sheltered haven, amidst green fields, under the lee of Brill, the panic and consternation were as intense as if the village of St. Nicholas were the one spot the Dutch would make for after landing: and, indeed, there were rustics who went to the placid scene where the infant stream rises in its cradle of reed and lily, half expectant of seeing uncouth Netherlandish vessels stranded among the rushes.

The Dutch fleet was at Chatham. Ships were being sunk across the Medway to stop the invader.

Sheerness was to be fortified. London was in arms; and Brill remembered its repulse of Hampden's regiment with a proud consciousness of being invincible.

The Dutch fleet saved Angela many a paternal lecture; for Sir John rode post-haste towards London, and did not return until the end of the month.

In London he found Hyacinth much disturbed about her husband, who had gone as a volunteer with General Middleton and was in command of a cavalry regiment at Chatham.

"I never saw him in such spirits as when he left me," Lady Fareham told her father. "I believe he is ever happiest when he breathes gunpowder."

Sir John's leave-taking had been curt and moody, for his daughter's offence rankled deep in his mind; and it was as much as he could do to command his anger even in bidding her good-bye.

"Did I not tell you that we live in troubled times, and that no man can foresee the coming of evil, or how great our woes and distractions may be?" he asked, with a gloomy triumph.

"Who ever thought to see De Ruyter's guns at Sheerness, or to see the Royal Charles led captive? *Abst ouen!* Who knows what destruction may come upon that other royal Charles, for whose safety we pray morning and night, and who lolls across a basset table, perhaps with his wantons around him, while we are on our knees supplicating the Creator for him—who knows? We may have London in flames again, and a conflagration more fatal than the last, than obstinate wench, before thou art a week older, and every able-bodied man called away from plough and pasture to serve the king, and desolation and famine where now plenty smiles on us. And is this a time in which to refuse a valiant and wealthy protector? All over as honest as ever God made: a pious conforming Christian of unsoiled name; a young man after my own pattern; a fine horseman and a good farmer; one who loves a pack of hounds and a well-bred horse, a flight of hawks and a match at bowls, better than to give chase to a she-rake in the Mall, or to drink himself stark mad at a tavern in Covent Garden with *debutantes* from Whitehall."

Sir John prosed and grumbled to the last moment, but could not refuse to bend down from his saddle and kiss the fair pale face that looked at him in piteous deprecation at the moment of parting.

"Well, keep a brave heart, Mistress Wilful. Thou art safe here yet a while from Dutch marauders. I go but to find out how much truth there is in these panic rumors."

She begged him not to fatigue himself with too long stages, and went back to the silent house, thankful to be alone in her despondency. She felt as if the last page in her worldly life had been written. She had to turn her thoughts backward to that quiet retreat where there would at least be peace. She had promised her father that she would not return to the convent while he wanted her home. But was that promise to hold good if he were to embitter her life by urging her to a marriage that would only bring her unhappiness?

She was roaming about the gardens with her dog towards noon in the second day of her solitude, when across the yew hedges she saw white clouds of dust rising from the high road, and heard the clatter of hoofs and roll of wheels—a noise as of a troop of cavalry—whereat Ganymede barked himself almost into an apoplexy, and rushed across the grass like a mad thing.

A great cracking of whips and sound of voices, horses galloping, horses trotting, dust enough to whiten all the hedges and green-sward. Angela stood at gaze, wondering if the Dutch were coming to storm the old house or the county militia coming to garrison it.

The Manor Moat was the destination of that clamorous troop, whoever they were. Wheels and horses stopped shortly at the great iron

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gate in front of the house, and the bell began to ring furiously: while other dogs, with voices that curiously resembled Ganymede's, answered his shrill bark with even shriller yelpings.

Angela ran towards the gate and was near enough to see it opened to admit three black-and-tan spaniels, and one slim personage in a long flame-colored brocade gown and a large beaver hat, who approached with stately movements, a small, pert nose held high, and rosy upper lip curled in patrician disdain of common things, while a fan of peacock's plumes that flashed sapphire and emerald in the fierce noon-day sun, was waved slowly before the dainty face, scattering the tremulous life of summer that buzzed and fluttered in the sultry air.

In the rear of this brilliant figure appeared a middle-aged person in a gray silk gown and hood, a negro page in the Fareham livery, a waiting-woman and a tall flunkie, so many being the necessary adjuncts of the Honorable Henriette Maria Revel's state when she went abroad.

Angela ran to receive her niece with a cry of rapture, and the tall slip of a girl in the flame-colored frock was clasped to her aunt's heart with a ruthless disregard of the beaver hat and catcart of ostrich plumage.

"*Perds garde d'abîmer mon chapeau p'tite tante,*" cried Henriette; "tis one of Lewin's Nell Gwyn hats and cost twenty guineas, without the buckle; I stole out of father's shoes t'other day. His lordship is so careless about his clothes that he wore the shoes two days and never knew there was a buckle missing, and those lazy devils, his servants, never told him. I believe they meant to rook him of t'other buckle."

"Chatterer, chatterer, how happy I am to see thee! But is not your mother with you?"

"Her ladyship is in London. Everybody of importance is scampering off to London; and no doubt will be rushing back to the country again if the Dutch take the Tower, but I don't think they will while my father is able to raise aught."

"And mademoiselle," with a curtsey to the lady in gray, "has brought you all this long way through the heat to see me!"

"I have brought mademoiselle," Henriette answered contemptuously, before the Frenchwoman had finished the mone and the shrug which with her ever preceded speech: "and a fine plague I had to make her come."

"Madame will conceive that in miladi's absence it was a prodigious inconvenience to order two coaches and travel so far. His lordship's grooms of the chamber is my witness that I protested against such an outrageous proceeding."

"Two coaches!" exclaimed Angela. "A coach and six for me and my dogs and my *gouvernante*, and a coach and four for my people," exclaimed Henriette, who had modeled her equipage and suite upon a reminiscence of the train which attended Lady Castlemaine's visit to Chilton, as beheld from a nursery window.

"Come, child, and you, mademoiselle, must be needing refreshment after so long a drive."

"If you have done your housekeeping, *tante*, let me go to your favorite summer-house with you, and tell you my secrets. I am perishing for a *petit-ate!* Ma'mselle," with a wave of the peacock fan, "can take a siesta, and forget the dust of the road, while we converse."

Angela ushered mademoiselle to the pretty summer parlor looking out upon a geometrical arrangement of flower-beds in the Dutch manner. Chocolate and other light refreshments were being prepared for the travelers; but Henriette's impatience would wait for nothing.

"I have not driven along these detestable roads to taste your chocolate," she protested. "I have a world to say to you; *en attendant*, mademoiselle, you will consider everything at your disposition in the house of my grandfather, *jus qu'a deux heures*."

She sank almost to the ground in a Whitehall curtsey, rose swift as an arrow, tucked her arm through Angela's and pulled her out of the room, paying no attention to the governess's voluble injunctions not to expose her complexion to the sun, or to sit in a cold wind, or to spoil her gown.

"What a shabby old place it is!" she said, looking critically around her as they went through the gardens. "I'm afraid you must perish with *ennui* here, with so few servants and no company to speak of. Yes," contemplating her shrewdly, as they seated themselves in a stone temple at the end of the bowling-green, "you are looking mopey and ill. This valley air does not agree with you. Well, you can have a much finer place whenever you choose. A better house and garden, ever so much nearer Chilton. And you will choose, won't you, dearest?" nestling closer to her, after throwing off the big hat which made such loving contact impossible.

"I don't understand you, Henriette."

"If you call me Henriette I shall be sure you are angry with me."

"No, love, not angry, only surprised."

"You think I have no right to talk of your sweetheart because I am only thirteen—and have scarce left off playing with babies—I have hated them for ages, only people persist in giving me the foolish puppets. I know more of the world than you do, auntie, after being shut in a convent the best part of your life. Why are you so obstinate, *ma cherie*, in refusing a gentleman we all like?"

"Do you mean Sir Denzil?"

"*Sans doute.* Have you a crowd of ser-

vants?"

"No, child, only this one. But don't you see that other people's liking has less to do with the question than mine? And if I do not like him well enough to be his wife—"

"But you ought to like him. You know how long her ladyship's heart has been set on the match; you must have seen what pains she took in London to have Sir Denzil always about you. And now after a most exemplary patience, after being your faithful servant for over a year, he asks you to be his wife, and you refuse, obstinately refuse. And you would rather move here with my poor old grandfather—in abject poverty—mother says 'abject poverty'—than be the honored mistress of one of the finest seats in Oxfordshire."

"I would rather do what is right and honest, my dearest. It is dishonest to marry without love."

"Then half mother's fine friends must be dishonest, for I dare swear that very few of them love their husbands."

"Henriette, you talk of things you don't know."

"Don't know! Why, there is no one in London knows more. I am always listening, and I always remember. De Malfort used to say I had a plaguey long memory, when I told him of things he had said a year ago."

"My dear, I love you fondly, but I cannot have you talk to me of what you don't understand; and I am sorry Sir Denzil Warner had no more courtesy than to go and complain of me to my sister."

"He did not come to Chilton to complain. Her ladyship met him on the way from Oxford in her coach. He was riding, and she called to him to come to the coach door. It was the day after he left you, and he was looking miserable; and she questioned him, and he told her all about his suit had been rejected, and he had no further hope. My lady came home in a rage. But why was she angry with his lordship? Indeed, she rated him as if it were his fault you refused Sir Denzil."

Angela sat silent, and the hand Henriette was clasping grew cold as ice.

"Did my father bid you to refuse him, *if*?" asked the girl, with those dark gray eyes, so like Fareham in their falcon brightness.

"No, child. Why should he interfere? It is no business of his."

"Then why was my mother so angry? She walked up and down the room in a towering passion. 'This is your doing,' she cried. 'If she were not your adoring slave she would have jumped at so handsome a sweetheath. This is your witchcraft. It is you she loves—you—you!' His lordship stood dumb and pointed to me. 'Do you forget your child is present?' he said. 'I forget everything except that everybody uses me shamefully,' she cried. 'I was only made to be slighted and trampled upon.' His lordship made no answer, but walked to the door in that way he ever has when he is angered—pale-frowning—silent. I was standing in his way and he gripped me by the arm, and dragged me out of the room. I dare venture there is a bruise on my arm where he held me. I know his fingers hurt me with their grip; and I could hear my lady screaming and sobbing as he took me away. But he would not let me go back to her. He would only send her women. 'Your mother has an interval of madness,' he said; 'you are best out of her presence.' The news of the Dutch ships came the same evening, and my mother ordered her coach and followed an hour after. They seemed both distracted, and only because you refused Sir Denzil."

"I cannot help her ladyship's foolishness, *Pat*. She has no occasion for any of this trouble. I am her dutiful, affectionate sister; but my heart is not hers to give or to refuse."

"But was it indeed my father's fault? Is it because you adore him that you refused Sir Denzil?"

"No—no—no. My affection for my brother—he has been to me as a brother—can make no difference in my regard for anyone else. One cannot fall in love at another's ordering, or be happy with the husband of another's choice. You will discover that for yourself, *Papillon*, perhaps, when you are a woman."

"Oh, I mean to marry for wealth and station, as all the clever women do," said Papillon, with an upward jerk of her delicate chin. "Mrs. Lewin always says I ought to be a duchess. I should like to have married the Duke of Monmouth, and then, who knows, I might have been a queen. The king's other sons are too young for me, and they will never have Monmouth's chance. But, indeed, sweetheart, you ought to marry Sir Denzil, and come and live near us at Chilton. You would make us all happy."

"*Ma tres cherie*, it is so easy to talk, but when thou thyself art a woman—"

"I shall never care for such trumpery as love. I mean to have a grand house—ever so much grander than Fareham House. Perhaps I may marry a Frenchman, and have a *salon*, and all the wits about me on my day. I would make it gayer than Mademoiselle de Seudry's Saturdays, which my governess so loves to talk of. There should be less talk and more dancing. But listen, *p'tite tante*," clasping her arms suddenly around Angela's neck. "I won't leave this spot till you have promised to change your mind about Denzil. I like him vastly; and I'm sure there's no reason why you should not love him unless you really are his lordship's adoring slave," emphasizing those last words, "and he has forbidden you."

"*Ma cherie*, it is so easy to talk, but when thou thyself art a woman—"

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Angela sat dumb, her eyes fixed on vacancy. The slender arms tightened their caress, the

pretty little brown face pressed itself against Angela's pale cold cheek.

"For my sake, sweetheart, say thou wilt have him. I will go to see thee every day."

"I have been here for months and you have not come, though I begged you in a dozen letters."

"I have been kept at my book and my dancing lessons. Mademoiselle told her ladyship that I was a monster of ignorance. I have been treated shamefully. I could not have come to-day had my lady been at home; but I would not stoop to a hireling's dictation. *Voulez, p'tite tante, tu seras maîtresse Warner.* *Dis, dis, que jete fasse croire de bâissons.*"

She was almost stifling her aunt with kisses in the intervals of her eager speech.

"The last word has been spoken, Papillon. I have sent him away—and it was not the first time. I had refused him before. I cannot call him back."

"But he shall come without calling. He is your adoring slave," cried Henriette, leaping up from the stone bench, and clapping her hands in an ecstasy. "He will need no calling. Dearest, dearest, most excellent adorable auntie! I am so happy. And my mother will be content. And no one shall ever say you are my father's slave."

"Henriette, if you repeat that odious word I shall hate you."

"Now you are angry. God, what a frown! I will repeat no word that angers you. My lady Warner—sweet lady Warner. I vow 'tis a prettier name than Revel or Fareham."

"You are mad, Henriette. I have promised nothing."

"Yes, you have, little aunt. You have promised to drop a curtsey, and say 'Yes' when Sir Denzil rides this way. You sent him away in a huff. He will come back smiling like yester evening on the water. Oh, I am so happy! My doing, all my doing."

"It is useless to argue with you."

"Quite useless. *Il n'y a pas de quoi. Nous sommes d'accord.* I shall be your chief bridesmaid. You must be married in her Majesty's chapel at St. James's. The Pope will give his dispensation—if you cannot persuade Denzil to change his religion. Were he my suitor I would twist him around my fingers," with an airy gesture of the small brown hand.

"There is nothing more difficult than to convince a child that she pleads in vain for any ardently desired object. Nothing that Angela could say would reconcile her niece to the idea of failure; so there was no help but to let her fancy her arguments conclusive, and to change the bent of her thoughts if possible.

"It wanted nearly an hour off dinner time, so Angelina suggested an inspection of the home farm, which was close by, trusting that Henriette's love of animals would afford an all-sufficient diversion; nor was she disappointed, for the little fine lady was quite as much at home in stable and cow-shed as in a London drawing-room, and spent a happy hour in making friends with the live stock, from the favorite Hereford cow, queen of the herd, to the smallest bar-tum in the poultry-yard.

To this rustic entertainment followed dinner in the preparation of which Marjory Cook had surpassed herself; and Papillon being by this time seriously hungry, sat and feasted to her heart's content, discussing the marrow pudding and the stewed carp with the acumen and authority of a professed gourmet.

"I like this old-fashioned rustic diet," she said condescendingly.

She reproached her governess with not doing justice to a syllabub; but showed herself a fine lady by her complaint at the lack of ice for her wine.

"My grandfather should make haste and build an ice-house before next winter," she drawled. "One can scarcely live through this weather without ice," fanning herself with excessive languor.

"I hope, dear, thou wilt not expire before arriving at Chilton."

The coaches were at the gate before Papillon had finished dinner, and mademoiselle was in great haste to be gone, reminding her pupil that she had traveled so far against her will and at the hazard of angering Madame la Baronne.

"Madame la Baronne will be enraptured when she knows what I have done to please her," answered Papillon, and then, with a last

parting embrace, hugging her aunt's fair neck more energetically than ever, she whispered, "I shall tell Denzil. You will make us all happy."

She was in the garden next morning at six, after a sleepless night, and she occupied herself till noon in going about among the cottages, carrying those small comforts which she had been in the habit of taking them, and listening patiently to those various distresses which they were very glad to relate to her. She taught the children, and read to the sick, and was able in this round of duties to keep her thoughts from dwelling too persistently upon her own trouble. After the one o'clock dinner, at which she offended old Reuben by eating hardly anything, she went for a woodland ramble with her dogs, and it was near sunset when she returned to the house, just in time to see the two road-stained horses being led away from the hall door.

Sir John had come home. She found him in the dining-parlor, sitting gloomy and weary-looking before the table where Reuben was arranging a hasty meal.

"I have eaten nothing upon the road, yet I have but a poor stomach for your bacon-ham," he said, and then looked up at his daughter with a moody glance as she went towards him.

"Dear sir, we must try to coax your appetite back when you have rested a little. Let me unbuckle your spurs, and pull off your boots, while Reuben fetches your easiest shoes."

"Nay, child, that is man's work, not for such fingers as yours. The boots are no wise irksome—'tis another kind of shoe that pinches, Angela."

She knelt down to unbuckle the spur-straps, and while on her knees she said—

"You look sad, sir. I fear you found ill-news at London."

"I found such shame as never before came upon England, such confusion as only traitors and profligates can know; men who have cheated and lied and wasted the public money, left our fortresses undefended, our ships unarmed, our sailors unpaid, half-fed and mutinous; clamorous wives crying aloud in the streets that their husbands should not fight and bleed for a king who starved them. They have clapped the scoundrel who had charge of the yard at Chatham in the Tower, but will that mend matters? A scapegoat, be like, to pay for higher scoundrels. The mob is loudest against the chancellor, who I doubt is not to blame for our unreadyness, having little power of late over the king. Oh, there has been iniquity upon iniquity, and men know not whom most to blame—the venal idle servants, or the master of all."

"You mean that men blame his majesty?"

"No, Angela. But when our ships were blazing at Chatham and the Dutch triumphing, the cry was, 'Oh! for an hour of old Noll.' Charles has played his cards so that he has made the loyalist hearts in England wish the Brewer back again. They called him the tiger of the seas. We have no tigers now, only asses and monkeys. Why, there was scarce a grain of sense left in London. The beat of the drums calling out the trainbands seemed to have stupefied the people. Everywhere madness and confusion. They have sunk their richest argosies at Barking Creek to block the river, but the Dutch break chains, ride over sunken ships, laugh our petty defences to scorn."

"Dear sir, this confusion cannot last."

"It will last as long as the world's history lasts. Our humiliation will never be forgotten."

"But Englishmen will not look on idle. There must be brave men up in arms."

"Oh, there are brave men enough—Fairfax, Ingoldsby, Bethell, Norton. The Presbyterians come to the front in our troubles. Your brother-in-law is with Lord Middleton, there is no lack of officers, and regiments are being raised, but our merchant-ships, which should be quick to help us, hang back. Our treasury is empty, half the goldsmiths in London bankrupt. And our ships that are burnt, and our ships that are taken, will not be conjured back again. The Royal Charles caved off with insulting triumph. Oh, child, it is not the loss that galls; it is the shame!"

He took a draught of claret out of the tankard which Angela placed at his elbow, and she carved the ham for him, and persuaded him to eat.

"Is it the public misfortune that troubles you so sadly, sir?" she asked presently, when her father flung himself back in his chair with a heavy sigh.

"Nay, Angela, I have my peck of trouble without reckoning the ruin of my country. But my back is broad. It can bear a burden as well as any."

"Do you count a disobedient daughter among your cares, sir?"

"Disobedient is too harsh a word. I told you I would never force your inclinations. But I have an obstinate daughter, who has disappointed me and well-nigh broken my spirit."

"Your spirit shall not rest broken if my obedience can mend it, sir," she said gently, dropping on her knees beside his chair.

"What! has that stony heart relented? Wilt thou marry him, sweetheart? Wilt give me a son as well as a daughter, and the security that thou wilt be safe and happy when I am gone?"

"No one can be sure of happiness, father; it comes strangely, and goes we know not why. But if it will be still of the same mind—"

"His mind is rock, dearest. He swore to me that he could never change. Ah, love, you have made me happy! Let the fleet burn, the Royal Charles fly Dutch colors. Here, in this quiet valley, there shall be a peaceful household and united hearts. Angela, I love that youth! Fareham, with all his rank and wealth, has never been so dear to me. That stern visage repels love. But Denzil's countenance is open as the day. I can trust Denzil Warner with a light heart. I can trust Denzil Warner with my daughter's happiness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"QUITE OUT OF FASHION."

Denzil received good news by the hands of a mounted messenger in the following forenoon.

The knight had written, "Ride—ride—ride!" in the Elizabethan style, on the cover of his letter, which contained but two brief sentences—

"Womanlike, she has changed her mind. Come when thou wilt, dear son."

And the son-in-law-to-be lost not an hour. He was at the Manor before nightfall. He was a member of the quiet household again, subservient to his mistress in everything, and submitted to be used somewhat ill from the lover's standpoint.

"There are some words that must needs be spoken before we are agreed," Angela said, when they found themselves alone for the first time in the garden, on the morning after his return, and when Denzil would fain have taken her to his breast and ratified their betrothal with a kiss. "I think you know as well as I do that it is my father's wish that has made me change," she said.

"So long as you change not again, dear, I am of all men the happiest. Yes, I know 'tis Sir John's wooing that won you, not mine. And that I have still to conquer your heart, though your hand is promised me. Yet I do not despair of being loved in as full measure as I love. My faith is strong in the power of an honest affection."

"You may at least be sure of my honesty. I profess nothing but the desire to be your true and obedient wife—"

"Obedient! You shall be my empress."

"No, no. I have no wish to rule. I desire only to make my father happy, and you too, sir, if I can."

"Ah, my soul, that is so easy for you. You have but to let me live in your dear company. I doubt I would rather be miserable with you than happy with any other woman. Ill-use me if you will; play Xantippe and I will be weaker than Socrates. But you are all mildness—perfect Christian, perfect woman. You cannot miss being perfect as wife—and—"

Another word trembled on his lips; but he checked himself lest he should offend, and the speech ended in a sob.

"My Angela, my angel."

He took her to his heart and kissed the fair brow, cold under his passionate kisses. That word "angel" turned her to ice. It conjured back the sound of a voice that it was sin to remember. Fareham had called her so; not once, but many times, in their placid days of friendship, before the fiery breath of passion had withered all the flowers in her earthly paradise—before the knowledge of evil had clouded the brightness of the world.

A gentle peace reigned at the Manor after Angela's betrothal. Sir John was happier than he had been since the days of his youth, before the coming of that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, when John Hampden's stubborn resistance of a thirty-shilling rate had brought the crown and the people face to face upon the burning question of ship-money, and kindled the fire that was to devour England. From the hour he left his young wife to follow the king to Yorkshire, Sir John's life had known little of rest or of comfort, or even of glory. He had fought on the losing side, and had missed the fame of those who fell and took the rank of heroes by an untimely death. Hardship and danger, wounds and sickness, straitened means and scanty fare had been his portion for three bitter years, and then had come a period of patient service, of schemes and intrigues doomed to failure; of going to and fro, from Jersey to Paris, from Paris to Ireland, from Ireland to Cornwall, journeying hither and thither at the behest of a shifty, irresolute man or a passionate, imprudent woman, as the case might be; now from the king to the queen, now from the queen to this or that ally; futile errands, unskillful combinations, failure on every hand, till the last fatal journey, on which he was an unwilling attendant, the flight from Hampton Court to Titchfield, breaking faith with his enemies in an unfinished negotiation.

The wedding was to be soon. Marriages were patched up quickly in the light-hearted sixties. And here there was nothing to wait for. Sir John had found Denzil compliant on every minor question, and willing to make his home at the Manor during his mother's lifetime.

"The old lady would never stomach a Papist daughter-in-law," said Sir John; and Denzil was fain to confess that Lady Warner would not easily reconcile herself with Angela's creed, though she could not fail of loving Angela herself.

"My daughter would have neither peace nor liberty under a Puritan's roof," Sir John said; "and I should have neither son nor daughter, and should be a loser by my girl's marriage. You shall be as much master here, Denzil, as if this were your own house—which it will be when I have moved to my last billet. Give me a couple of stalls for my roadsters and kennel room for my dogs, and I want no more. You and Angela may introduce as many new fashions as you like; dine at two o'clock and sip your unwholesome Indian drink of an evening. The fine ladies in Paris were beginning to take tea when I was last there, though by the faces they made over the stuff it might have been poison. I can smoke my pipe in the chimney-corner, and look on and admire at the new generation. I shall not feel myself one too many at your fireside, as I used sometimes in the Rue de Touraine when those strutting Gallic cocks were quizzing me."

(To be continued.)

The Organist of St. Patrick's Church.

Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist of St. Patrick's church and professor of the piano at the Sacred Heart convent, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use as well as for that of his advanced pupils.

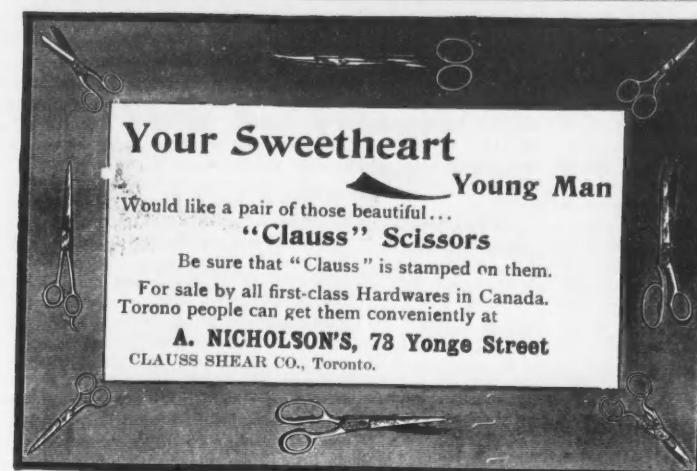
A Handsome Woman.

Most men admire beauty in women, but the average man thinks more of a good smoking mixture like Westminster, sold at Muller's Smoking Emporium, eleven King street west.

"My pocket's been picked," cried the bearded woman, "and I know who did it. The armless wonder has been sitting right alongside of me all the morning!"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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The Great Cities of the Future.
Elmer L. Correll, the well known engineer of the Tehuantepec Railway in Mexico, furnishes the following table estimating the population of the leading cities of the world in 1920:

City.	Population.
Greater London	8,316,256
New York	6,191,250
Paris	3,325,483
Berlin	3,296,729
Chicago	8,208,000
Philadelphia	2,002,932
St. Petersburg	1,500,495

According to this reckoning Chicago would stand next to London in twenty-five years, while New York would be a trifle larger than London now is.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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The Drama.

THE two plays presented by Sarah Bernhardt on her visit to Toronto this week are entirely new to Canadian audiences, and the divine Sarah has put the mark of her peculiar methods upon them.

There is the same tempestuous, rebellious woman who thrilled us as La Tosca several years ago. In each play fate is too strong for her, strong and mutinous though she be. As Izeyl, Bernhardt treads close to the edge of sacrifice. Even the all-pure Buddha, the Christ of the Indies, is not game too high for her snare, and her pitiful death in the odor of sanctity seems less real and possible than her reckless, vengeful, daring project to encompass the ascetic Prince with her courtesan wiles. That latter is undiluted Bernhardt, the tiger woman, whose stake is herself, who knows neither fear nor compunction. The Eastern scenes in Izeyl are beautifully arranged and the stage setting admirable. The Prince, afterwards the preacher in the wilderness, is a man of imposing presence and commanding voice. Both as the Prince in Izeyl and the falconer Almerio in Gismonda he gave the impression of immense power and capability of dominating even the fiery creature who arrayed herself against him. Monsieur Darmont, who thus ably supported Madame Bernhardt, and Monsieur Deva, who played the Rajah in Izeyl and Count Zaccaria in Gismonda, were both admirably equipped by nature for their parts. That the Bernhardt stabs the Rajah and chops up Zaccaria with a hatchet, is only what one expects from her. A Bernhardt play in which Sarah does not murder someone is an incomplete affair. Thisbe, the mentor of Gismonda, and the mother of the Rajah, was majestically played by Madame Andree Canti, and several pretty French women sustained the roles of attendants and court ladies. The courtiers, both in the Izeyl groups and the Athenian scenes, were costumed with elegance and fidelity, and had not much to do but look pretty. To those who understood French sufficiently to follow the dialogue both plays were of surpassing power and interest, while even those ignorant of the meaning of the torrent of words, which with Southern volubility expressed her unruly emotions, gathered from her expression and gestures the gist of the plot. Izeyl the courtesan, and Gismonda, the Duchess of Athens, who, albeit with many a squirm, yields herself to a lover on condition he releases her from her promise to marry him, are altogether and completely Bernhardt in the role which she, and she alone, can play successfully. To those who are familiar with French "as she is spoke" in Paris, the chance of hearing the dialogue between Gismonda and Zaccaria was worth the whole play on Tuesday evening. The scene in which, after Zaccaria's crafty love-making, the messenger from the Pope strides in with conscious power and dignity and informs the rebellious duchess that she cannot be absolved from her vow to marry whoever saved her little son from death, save at the cost of losing her duchy and immuring herself for life in a convent, the defiance of the Pope and his power by the enraged and desperate woman, which gave the frivolous-minded a sort of Twelfth-of-July sensation, and the trio of sly incentive by Zaccaria, wild rebellion by Gismonda, and savage threats by the Papal messenger, which alternately roused and subdued the reckless Gismonda, was something quite impressive and interesting. In the final scene when, completely conquered by the fidelity and self-sacrifice of her plebeian lover, Gismonda meekly kneels with her little son and, before the church full of worshippers, confesses herself guilty, and sweetly pleads for love and forgiveness from Almerio, there is nothing more gently feminine and irresistible than the erstwhile rebel. Even when she is rapturously pardoned and a little gleam of triumph might be excused her, Gismonda is demurely and penitently meek, as with timid, deprecating air she draws near the high altar for the priestly benediction. The curtain goes down on this edifying spectacle, at which the knowing ones feel rather inclined to grin. In short, Bernhardt is still Bernhardt, call her Gismonda, or Izeyl, or La Tosca, and she has no peer; she defies law and the conventionalities. The church is her tyrant until she discovers an escape from its power; passion and self-will are her gods; fear is unknown to her; an untamed, insincere, tigerish being touched with the fire of genius, to whom her compatriots are not afraid to accord the adjective, Divine. Time seems to stand still for her; after over half a century of life, every moment of which has been a quiver with power, emotion, action and ambition, Sarah Bernhardt is still young, still witching, still a past mistress of the art of which she seems so fond, and long may she wave.

The combined recital by Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Charles Roberts attracted an excellent audience to Association Hall on Good Friday evening. Miss Alexander was as charming as ever, and in the scene from Henry VIII. portrayed several characters distinctly and clearly, that of the queen being fine. But child-pieces are Miss Alexander's forte. The Good Little Girl and the Bad Little

girl was inimitable. One can almost see the elocutionist dwindle into the perl little damsel of seven whom one meets twenty times a day in the act of assuring someone with a shrug that she don't care. As an encore, a discussion on the new woman by Mr. Dooley, the Chicago Post philosopher, was repeated verbatim. Mr. Roberts was perhaps best appreciated in his humorous selections, the Top Note and the Abbot of Canterbury being especially good. D'Alessandro's Orchestra held up their end—or rather ends—of the programme creditably. The last number, however, was played to the backs of a few people who had not yet succeeded in squeezing out at the door.

Grenville Kleiser is reading in Colorado with marked success. Next week he will appear in Salt Lake City, Utah, and in San Francisco, Cal., after which he will take a three months' rest at Portland, Ore.

The Mississippi has many new ideas in its plot. Its characters are not recognizable as a group that have done service in a score of other plays, and this is a great deal to be able to say in its favor. The Sheriff of Marion County is a slow-going and quaint fellow who polishes the barrel of his revolver in a suggestive way in moments of excitement. He usually comes out on top. Into the play is introduced the famous old Ku-Klux Klan, which the present generation has almost forgotten. They were infamous in their time. In scenery, in the dash and go of the plot, and in the fun now and then, the piece excels, and is proving a decided favorite with the patrons of the Toronto Opera House.

Della Fox is romping at the Grand during the latter part of the week. She is not as kittenish as she used to be, and it was not to be expected that she could compete Thursday evening with such attractions as Paderevski at Massey Hall and the games at the New Armories. Indeed, a theatrical attraction requires to be a good one to do business now that the spring air is here and people are free to seek outdoor recreations.

The Prisoner of Zenda, with E. H. Sothern in the leading role, is coming to the Grand for the first three nights of next week. That is all that need be said. Those who have read Anthony Hope's splendid romance will do the rest. They will see the play and force all their friends to go to see the red-headed Englishman



E. H. Sothern in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

who was crowned king on his travels and relinquished his sweetheart on a point of honor. Sothern has made the hit of his life in the part, as those who know the comedy and romance of the story will easily understand.

The minstrelsy of the old days seems to have become almost a memory. If we go back a few years and think of the men who made and lost fortunes in this once popular style of entertainment, it would seem that it has certainly lost ground. Take for instance the old San Francisco minstrel firm of Birch, Wombold & Backus—Billy Birch is the only man left, and only a few days ago he was given a benefit. Carners and Dixie are a pair of the past, and while Mr. Carners for many years conducted a first-class show in Philadelphia and amassed a fortune, he had to turn it into a continuous performance house. Even the performers who keep up to the times do not appear to have the draft they had years ago. George Thatcher, who is perhaps one of the brightest shining lights, has just closed a disastrous season. Hughey Daugherty, another particularly bright star, took out an organization, and while he did not lose any money he did not make any. George Wilson, a noted negro comedian, has also retired from the business as a proprietor, and none of them have ever succeeded in acquiring fame in white face parts, with the exception of one or two, such as Billy Barry and Willis Sweetman. There is but one of any prominence before the public to-day who has been able to turn his talents toward the dramatic business, and that is Milton G. Barlow, one of the old firm of Barlow, Wilson, Pfraun, Rose & West—who enjoyed the distinction of being personally acquainted with more noted men in the Southern country than any man who ever blacked his face; and it was thought, when the old firm dissolved and minstrelsy seemed to be losing its grasp, that Barlow would be relegated to the old man's corner. But not so. He to-day enjoys the distinction of being the best delineator of negro characters on the stage, and it is for this reason that he was engaged to play the part of Bacon Green in Down in Dixie, which will be seen at the To-

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George R. Joseph (George Maurice), assisted by others, gave a most enjoyable concert in Richmond Hill on the evening of Good Friday. Mr. Joseph has filled a great many engagements of late in Toronto and outside, and is an acknowledged favorite everywhere. He is a whole concert in himself, and can do a greater variety of "turns" than any man I know.

Mr. F. M. Paget, the English elocutionist, actor and entertainer, whose announcement appears in another column, has arrived in Toronto from New York with the intention of spending his summer vacation in this city. Mr. Paget has previously visited us, last year as a member of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company, and again in October last with Alexander Salvini, distinguishing himself in the prominent characters of Richelieu in *The Three Guardsmen* and Polonius in *Hamlet*. Determining to make America his field of work, the actor was the recipient of many letters of farewell and good-will. The celebrated author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Notorious Mrs. Elsbeth Smith*, A. W. Pinero, wrote: "I regret for many reasons that you intend to settle permanently in America. However, you are likely to prosper professionally in the States, and this prospect must reconcile you in some measure to leaving your numerous English friends. As it is, I trust that American managers will not be long in discovering your worth. You have both ability and experience, and have learnt your craft in the best of schools." After experiencing a continuously busy life, Mr. Paget does not entertain the idea of being altogether idle, consequently he is prepared to give Toronto aspirants to the public platform and stage an opportunity seldom offered outside the metropolis or greater cities. Mr. Paget's ability and qualifications may be gathered from the fact that for twenty-five years he has been prominently before the English public in the principal London theaters and as actor-manager with his own companies in the provinces, and has been the successful adviser and tutor of several successful actors, who give him the title of their "theatrical father," some of these being Frank Worthing of Daly's Theater, Vincent Sterndroy, now at St. James's Theater, London; Charles Chute, W. L. Abingdon, etc. Mrs. Paget also comes of an old theatrical stock, being the niece of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and who is remembered on this continent by many old playgoers as being notable in her performance of the Dauphin in *Louis XI*. Mrs. Paget will assist Mr. Paget in the getting up of amateur theatricals.

Books and Bookmen.

AS Hon. G. W. Ross very properly said at the supper given to Mr. Gilbert Parker at the National Club last Monday evening, it is a good thing that we have a National Club in Toronto. This club has recently

demonstrated that it has a very correct view of things, and the little attention shown to Mr. Gilbert Parker was in excellent taste. This Canadian novelist domiciled in London was made aware that his countrymen are deeply concerned in the success of the ambitious work he has undertaken and are proud of the progress he has made. He was not left to guess the truth, or gather an assurance of it from fugitive statements in the press or from the way he was stared at in the streets, but it was right cordially brought home to him at the National Club. Mr. Frank Arnould, Q.C., president of the National Club, occupied the chair, and at the guests' table were at his right the Lieut.-Governor, at his left Mr. Gilbert Parker, the guest of the evening. Others present were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Parkin, Col. G. T. Denison, Mr. Edgar A. Wills, Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. A. F. Pirie of Dundas, Mr. Stuart Livingstone, president Canadian Club, Hamilton; Mr. David Creighton, Mr. W. B. Nichol, Capt. Hughes, Commander Law, Mr. Hugh Blain, Mr. S. R. Hart, Mr. J. F. Eby, Mr. W. G. Thurston, Mr. Dan Rose, Mr. J. Rose, Mr. J. W. Curry, Mr. J. A. Ewan, Mr. W. D. Gregory, Mr. W. K. Bowerman, Mr. Neil McCrimmon, Mr. A. A. Allen, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. J. Carter Troop, Mr. Frank Leigh, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Mr. Theodore W. Gregory, Mr. T. K. Merritt, Mr. W. E. H. Carter, Mr. John Carrick, Mr. S. B. Gundy, Mr. H. M. Hunt, Mr. W. Copp, Mr. F. Clement Brown, Mr. Harry Blight, Mr. E. S. Caswell and Mr. Frank Smith. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor made a speech that struck the note for the evening. His remarks were patriotic and humorous. The president of the Club was in good form and recited a part of Mr. Kipling's *The Native Born*. Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. J. S. Willison, Dr. Parkin, Col. G. T. Denison and Mr. A. F. Pirie were the other speakers. The guest of the evening delivered the speech in which most interest centered. Mr. Parker is a modest man, and all who heard him speak had an enhanced opinion of him. To put it in a word, he is sincere and does not lose any money he did not make any. George Wilson, a noted negro comedian, has also retired from the business as a proprietor, and none of them have ever succeeded in acquiring fame in white face parts, with the exception of one or two, such as Billy Barry and Willis Sweetman. There is but one of any prominence before the public to-day who has been able to turn his talents toward the dramatic business, and that is Milton G. Barlow, one of the old firm of Barlow, Wilson, Pfraun, Rose & West—who enjoyed the distinction of being personally acquainted with more noted men in the Southern country than any man who ever blacked his face; and it was thought, when the old firm dissolved and minstrelsy seemed to be losing its grasp, that Barlow would be relegated to the old man's corner. But not so. He to-day enjoys the distinction of being the best delineator of negro characters on the stage, and it is for this reason that he was engaged to play the part of Bacon Green in Down in Dixie, which will be seen at the To-

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The Fall of the Curate.

THE curate rose from his knees and turned out the lights on the altar. This was the work of the sexton, but the sexton had gone home and there was no one left in the church—none but the curate and the organist—the organist who sat in the shadow of his instrument dreamily fingering the keys.

"Come, Morell," said the curate; "we must close up the church and go home."

"Wait," said the organist softly. "Turn out the lights and wait."

The curate looked at him wonderingly as he sat half concealed in the shadows that enveloped the organ and chancel in a dim, religious mist. He was a strange man, this organist, but a superb musician, of whom apart from that he knew very little. He was a strange man and had made a strange request, and one which in that holy place and hour grated harshly on the tired nerves of a curate already weak and overstrained by the prolonged Lenten services of fasting, and vigil, and prayer. The great body of the church was already shrouded in darkness, with the exception of the light which shone from a few jets of gas on the chancel, whose feeble and uncertain rays, strivings ineffectually to relieve the gloom, succeeded only in accentuating the dim fantasy of the shadows which played around the organ and mocked the pale and spectral light that fell on aisle, and altar, and nave. The strange and depressing influence of this environment, combined with the weariness begot of prolonged Lenten labor, stirred the gentle spirit of the curate to revolt against this sudden attack upon his nerves.

"I am tired," he said petulantly. "I have fasted for forty days, and worked very hard in the parish. To-morrow (Good Friday) I must rest at seven. Let me go home and rest."

"I have a confession to make," said the organist. "Put out the lights and listen."

There was a strange thrill in the voice of the organist, which moved the curate to wonder—moved him to wonder and fear. With a nervous glance at his companion he passed reluctantly to the lights and extinguished them one by one, with the exception of the solitary jet which burnt by the side of the musician in the shadow of the organ. His hand trembled as he touched the jets and his nervousness grew with the darkness which thickened and deepened around him, seeming to stifle him with its closeness and blackness, and oppressing him with a consciousness of some hidden and terrible danger. The last light was extinguished, and nervous and faint and exhausted he sank into a seat in the choir and gazed with strained and expectant eyes at the vague and shadowy figure that sat motionless in front of the organ. But no sound disturbed the stillness; the moments seemed longer than hours and the silence as dense as the darkness which oppressed the soul of the listener with a nameless and terrible fear.

A white hand fluttered in the air—fluttered a moment and fell—and suddenly upon the quiet of the holy place there burst a flood of most unholy sound. It was a wail. Wave after wave and tide on tide of sacrilegious music beat the air, pealing and vibrating through the hollows of the chancel and rushing in fierce derision down the dark vistas of the aisles. It mounted to the galleries and rang among the rafters, storming the altar, and choir, and chancel with wild harmonic laughter and musical snarl and jeer, deriding the holiness of the temple and mocking the sanctity of the sanctuary with fierce melodic scorn.

"Be silent, madman," cried the curate; "remember where you are, the place, the hour."

"Be silent you," cried the organist above the waves of sound. "Be silent you and listen. It is thus I have lived my life."

The curate shuddered and bowed his head. The long Lenten fast had told on his emaciated frame. He was faint, and weak, and exhausted by the hard work of the parish, long days of watching by the beds of the sick, and nights of spiritual striving, and vigil, and fast, and prayer. But the long Lent battle was drawing to an end and he had hoped to rest—to rest and be happy; and now at the moment of his greatest weakness, just when the battle was over and the victory seemed to be won; when, weakened and worn by the struggle, he had hoped to find rest and peace—now, at the moment of his greatest weakness, the tempter was upon him. The evil one assailed him in the darkness of the church. Sin with her sweetest voice was singing as the sirens sang of old—singing of life and its joy.

Profane and beautiful, the music thrilled his soul, drowning the whispers of his conscience with hot harmonic waves and wakening passions and yearnings he had never known before. Passionate and persuasive, it echoed through the aisles and corridors of his brain and stormed his soul with waves of fire and melody and light, as it had stormed and scoured the altar of the church wherein he knelt and prayed. For it was singing now of all life's sweetest joys, its passion and its ecstasy and hope—the lips that lure, the smile that shays, the hope that dares and ventures all, the faith that dies forever to live an hour, and the fathomless love that loses all to win a little and loves that little better than the lost. In tender tones and low it told of stolen joys and veiled and secret bliss, and rapture born of the red, red wine, and purple passions, and pleasures fierce and fair. Hark to the voice of Juliet singing a love song to her Romeo—a love song in the moonlight. A nightingale is calling to her mate—the song of the loved to her lover. Mark the royal rage of Othello—it is pealing, pealing, pealing from the organ. No, it is Ophelia now who weeps and whispers. Come. How the music thrills and trembles, soft and sweet, tender and low, tender and low, and soft and sweet, wakening a wild delirium of emotional passion and longing in the soul of him who hears.

"The world is fair," cries the organ. "The world is fair, fair, fair. Why are you wasting the dawn of your life in helpless longing and hopeless prayer, when all the world is fair, fair, fair?"

The curate heard and trembled for his soul. The contagion of passion had seized him, and he longed to feel what he heard, to go out of the darkness and gloom of the church into the beautiful world—the purple world, the world

of passion, and smiles, and tears, and sunlight, gold and glory.

The white hand fluttered a moment in the air—fluttered a moment and fell—and rested in silence on the keys. The voice of the organ was hushed, but still the music trembled and thrilled, thrilled in the soul of the curate. A thousand passions hitherto undreamt of vibrated in his heart and strange desires blossomed in his breast. His eyes had glanced along the glowing chords of melody and seen the vistas of a larger life.

The organist rose from the organ. His face was pale and sad and his eyes were full of fear as he glanced at the fire in the eyes of the white man before him.

"You are going," said the curate.

"Yes, I am going to Sullivan's to gamble and dance and drink," said the musician.

"May I come?" said the curate.

The organist turned away his head and answered hoarsely, "Come."

And they passed from the church together.

Toronto, April 6.

CATUS.

London Ladies' Letter.

LONDON, ENGLAND, April 2, 1896.

THE Women Degree question is engaging much attention, and I am sure a reference to it will interest the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. The Oxford and Cambridge Universities are on the whole opposed in principle to the project. Cambridge reserves its final decision on the matter till October next. At first, neither university—more particularly so that of Cambridge—would as much as listen to the idea; but having reflected over the question, the Dons are willing to reconsider the matter during the ensuing six months, when they will duly pronounce their verdict. The "Cams" intend referring it to a syndicate, that will consult with such persons and bodies as they think fit. The report of the syndicate will be submitted to the Senate for final voting. The supporters of the fair sex in this question are many, and have for chief champion Mrs. Sidgwick, who besides being Mr. Arthur Balfour's sister, is the Principal of Newham College. Professor Marshall heads the opposition, and is equally influential. This gentleman proposes to solve the difficulty by creating special universities for women. The gallant conduct of the two great English seats of learning will not unlikely drive women to the leading educational institutions of Scotland, where degrees—equally as important as those conferred in England—are bestowed on ladies as well as gentlemen, for the Scotch recognize that a woman can have as much programme intelligence as a man. The universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen have seized the occasion to open their doors to women. The students of Cambridge are severely criticized for their ungallant and parochial conduct, they are, however, willing to confer upon ladies diplomas of some kind, perhaps the B.A., but certainly not the sacred M.A., which degree, they maintain, must ever be the exclusive property of men. The Oxoniens are a shade less exclusive, though imposing very selfish conditions, that are not favorably accepted. Thus, they would be glad to bestow honors on the fair sex, but ladies would have to reside for twelve terms in a place approved by the university. And even then, no lady is to be granted a B.A. degree unless she has taken honors in at least one subject. Last, not least, though the lady students did win either a B.A. or an M.A. degree, they would be forbidden to add same to their name. The Oxoniens are a shade less exclusive, though imposing very selfish conditions, that are not favorably accepted. Thus, they would be glad to bestow honors on the fair sex, but ladies would have to reside for twelve terms in a place approved by the university. And even then, no lady is to be granted a B.A. degree unless she has taken honors in at least one subject. 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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama.

THE two plays presented by Sarah Bernhardt on her visit to Toronto this week are entirely new to Canadian audiences, and the divine Sarah has put the mark of her peculiar methods upon them.

There is the same tempestuous, rebellious woman who thrilled us as La Tosca several years ago. In each play fate is too strong for her, strong and mutinous though she be. As Izeyl, Bernhardt treads close to the edge of sacrilege. Even the all-pure Buddha, the Christ of the Indies, is not game too high for her snare, and her pitiful death in the odor of sanctity seems less real and possible than her recklessness, vengeful, daring project to encompass the ascetic Prince with her courteous wiles.

That latter is undiluted Bernhardt, the tiger woman, whose stake is herself, who knows neither fear nor compunction. The Eastern scenes in Izeyl are beautifully arranged and the stage setting admirable. The Prince, afterwards the preacher in the wilderness, is a man of imposing presence and commanding voice. Both as the Prince in Izeyl and the falconer Almerio in Gismonda he gave the impression of immense power and capability of dominating even the fiery creature who arrayed herself against him. Monsieur Darmont, who thus ably supported Madame Bernhardt, and Monsieur Deval, who played the Rajah in Izeyl and Count Zaccaria in Gismonda, were both admirably equipped by nature for their parts. That the Bernhardt stabs the Rajah and chops up Zaccaria with a hatchet, is only what one expects from her. A Bernhardt play in which Sarah does not murder someone is an incomplete affair. Thisbe, the mentor of Gismonda, and the mother of the Rajah, was majestically played by Madame Andree Canti, and several pretty French women sustained the roles of attendants and court ladies. The couriers, both in the Izeyl groups and the Athenian scenes, were costumed with elegance and fidelity, and had not much to do but look pretty. To those who understood French sufficiently to follow the dialogue both plays were of surpassing power and interest, while even those ignorant of the meaning of the torrent of words, which with Southern volubility expressed her unruly emotions, gathered from her expression and gestures the gist of the plot. Izeyl the courtesan, and Gismonda, the Duchess of Athens, who, albeit with many a squirm, yields herself to a lover on condition he releases her from her promise to marry him, are altogether and completely Bernhardt in the role which she, and she alone, can play successfully. To those who are familiar with French "as she spoke" in Paris, the chance of hearing the dialogue between Gismonda and Zaccaria was worth the whole play on Tuesday evening. The scene in which, after Zaccaria's crafty love-making, the messenger from the Pope strides in with conscious power and dignity and informs the rebellious duchess that she cannot be absolved from her vow to marry whoever saved her little son from death, save at the cost of losing her duchy and immuring herself for life in a convent, the defiance of the Pope and his power by the enraged and desperate woman, which gave the frivolous-minded a sort of Twelfth-of-July sensation, and the trio of sly incentive by Zaccaria, wild rebellion by Gismonda, and savage threats by the Papal messenger, which alternately roused and subdued the reckless Gismonda, was something quite impressive and interesting. In the final scene when, completely conquered by the fidelity and self-sacrifice of her plebeian lover, Gismonda meekly kneels with her little son and, before the church full of worshippers, confesses herself guilty, and sweetly pleads for love and forgiveness from Almerio, there is nothing more gently feminine and irresistible than the erstwhile rebel. Even when she is rapturously pardoned and a little gleam of triumph might be excused her, Gismonda is demurely and penitently meek, as with timid, deprecating air she draws near the high altar for the priestly benediction. The curtain goes down on this edifying spectacle, at which the knowing ones feel rather inclined to grin. In short, Bernhardt is still Bernhardt, call her Gismonda, or Izeyl, or La Tosca, and she has no peer; she defies law and the conventionalities. The church is her tyrant until she discovers an escape from its power; passion and self-will are her gods; fear is unknown to her; an untamed, insincere, tigerish being touched with the fire of genius, to whom her compatriots are not afraid to accord the adjective, Divine. Time seems to stand still for her; after over half a century of life, every moment of which has been a quiver with power, emotion, action and ambition, Sarah Bernhardt is still young, still witching, still a past mistress of the art of which she seems so fond, and long may she wave.

The combined recital by Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Charles Roberts attracted an excellent audience to Association Hall on Good Friday evening. Miss Alexander was as charming as ever, and in the scene from Henry VIII. portrayed several characters distinctly and clearly, that of the queen being fine. But child-pieces are Miss Alexander's forte. The Good Little Girl and the Bad Little

girl was inimitable. One can almost see the elocutionist dwindle into the perfidious damsels of seven whom one meets twenty times a day in the act of assuring someone with a shrug that she don't care. As an encore, a discussion on the new woman by Mr. Dooley, the Chicago Post philosopher, was repeated *verbatim*. Mr. Roberts was perhaps best appreciated in his humorous selections, the Top Note and the Abbot of Canterbury being especially good. D'Alessandro's Orchestra held up their end—or rather ends—of the programme creditably. The last number, however, was played to the backs of a few people who had not yet succeeded in squeezing out at the door.

Grenville Kleiser is reading in Colorado with marked success. Next week he will appear in Salt Lake City, Utah, and in San Francisco, Cal., after which he will take a three months' rest at Portland, Ore.

On the Mississippi has many new ideas in its plot. Its characters are not recognizable as a group that have done service in a score of other plays, and this is a great deal to be able to say in its favor. The Sheriff of Marion County is a slow-going and quaint fellow who polishes the barrel of his revolver in a suggestive way in moments of excitement. He usually comes out on top. Into the play is introduced the famous old Ku-Klux Klan, which the present generation has almost forgotten. They were infamous in their time. In scenery, in the dash and go of the plot, and in the fun now and then, the piece excels, and is proving a decided favorite with the patrons of the Toronto Opera House.

Della Fox is romping at the Grand during the latter part of the week. She is not as kittenish as she used to be, and it was not to be expected that she could compete Thursday evening with such attractions as Paderewski at Massey Hall and the games at the New Armories. Indeed, a theatrical attraction requires to be a good one to do business now that the spring air is here and people are free to seek outdoor recreations.

The Prisoner of Zenda, with E. H. Sothern in the leading role, is coming to the Grand for the first three nights of next week. That is all that need be said. Those who have read Anthony Hope's splendid romance will do the rest. They will see the play and force all their friends to go to see the red-headed Englishman



E. H. Sothern in The Prisoner of Zenda.

who was crowned king on his travels and relinquished his sweetheart on a point of honor. Sothern has made the hit of his life in the part, as those who know the comedy and romance of the story will easily understand.

The minstrelsy of the old days seems to have become almost a memory. If we go back a few years and think of the men who made and lost fortunes in this once popular style of entertainment, it would seem that it has certainly lost ground. Take for instance the old San Francisco minstrel firm of Birch, Wombold & Backus. Billy Birch is the only man left, and only a few days ago he was given a benefit. Carneross and Dixie are a pair of the past, and while Mr. Carneross for many years conducted a first-class show in Philadelphia and amassed a fortune, he had to turn it into continuous performance house. Even the performers who keep up to the times do not appear to have the draft they had years ago. George Thatcher, who is perhaps one of the brightest shining lights, has just closed a disastrous season. Hughey Daugherty, another particularly bright star, took out an organization, and while he did not lose any money he did not make any. George Wilson, a noted negro comedian, has also retired from the business as a proprietor, and none of them have ever succeeded in acquiring fame in white-face parts, with the exception of one or two, such as Billy Barry and Willie Sweatman. There is but one of any prominence before the public to-day who has been able to turn his talents toward the dramatic business, and that is Milton G. Barlow, one of the old firm of Barlow, Wilson, Prinrose & West—who enjoyed the distinction of being personally acquainted with more noted men in the Southern country than any man who ever blacked his face; and it was thought, when the old firm dissolved and minstrelsy seemed to be losing its grasp, that Barlow would be relegated to the old man's corner. But not so. He to-day enjoys the distinction of being the best delineator of negro characters on the stage, and it is for this reason that he was engaged to play the part of Bacon Green in Down in Dixie, which will be seen at the

ronto Opera House next week. Look the field over carefully and it will be seen that with one or two exceptions the minstrel kings have lost their power; and while one or two firms have succeeded in making a great deal of money out of the business, still all the rest have lost all they possessed trying to prove that minstrelsy had not lost its charm with the public.

George R. Joseph (George Maurice), assisted by others, gave a most enjoyable concert in Richmond Hill on the evening of Good Friday. Mr. Joseph has filled a great many engagements of late Toronto and outside, and is an acknowledged favorite everywhere. He is a whole concert in himself, and can do a greater variety of "turns" than any man I know.

Mr. F. M. Paget, the English elocutionist, actor and entertainer, whose announcement

appear in another column, has arrived in Toronto from New York with the intention of spending his summer vacation in this city. Mr. Paget has previously visited us, last year as a member of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company, and again in October last with Alexander Salvin, distinguishing himself in the prominent characters of Richelieu in The Three Guardsmen and Polonius in Hamlet. Determining to make America his field of work, the actor was the recipient of many letters of farewell and good-will. The celebrated author of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-Smith, A. W. Pinero, wrote: "I regret for many reasons that you intend to settle permanently in America. However, you are likely to prosper professionally in the States, and this prospect must recompense you in some measure to leaving your numerous English friends. As it is, I trust that American managers will not be long in discovering your worth. You have both ability and experience, and have learnt your craft in the best of schools." After experiencing a continuously busy life, Mr. Paget does not entertain the idea of being altogether idle, consequently he is prepared to give Toronto aspirants to the public platform and stage an opportunity seldom offered outside the metropolis or greater cities. Mr. Paget's ability and qualifications may be gathered from the fact that for twenty-five years he has been prominently before the English public in the principal London theaters and as actor-manager with his own companies in the provinces, and has been the successful adviser and tutor of several successful actors, who give him the title of their "theatrical father," some of these being Frank Worthing of Daly's Theater, Vincent Sterndroy, now at St. James's Theater, London; Charles Chute, W. L. Abingdon, etc. Mrs. Paget also comes of an old theatrical stock, being the niece of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and who is remembered on this continent by many old play-goers as being notable in her performance of the Dauphin in Louis XI. Mrs. Paget will assist Mr. Paget in the getting up of amateur theatricals.

Books and Bookmen.

AS Hon. G. W. Ross very properly said at the supper given to Mr. Gilbert Parker at the National Club last Monday evening, it is a good thing that we have a National Club in Toronto. This club has recently

demonstrated that it has a very correct view of things, and the little attention shown to Mr. Gilbert Parker was in excellent taste. This Canadian novelist domiciled in London was made aware that his countrymen are deeply concerned in the success of the ambitious work he has undertaken and are proud of the progress he has made. He was not left to guess the truth, or gather an assurance of it from fugitive statements in the press or from the way he was stared at in the streets, but it was right cordially brought home to him at the National Club. Mr. Frank Arnaldi, Q.C., president of the National Club, occupied the chair, and at the guests' table were at his right the Lieut.-Governor, at his left Mr. Gilbert Parker, the guest of the evening. Others present were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Parkin, Col. G. T. Denison, Mr. Edgar A. Wills, Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. A. F. Pirie of Dundas, Mr. Stuart Livingstone, president Canadian Club, Hamilton; Mr. David Creighton, Mr. W. B. Nichol, Capt. Hughes, Commander Law, Mr. Hugh Blain, Mr. S. R. Hart, Mr. J. F. Eby, Mr. W. G. Thurston, Mr. Dan Rose, Mr. J. Rose, Mr. J. W. Curry, Mr. J. A. Ewan, Mr. W. D. Gregory, Mr. W. K. Bowerman, Mr. Neil McCrimmon, Mr. A. A. Allen, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. J. Carter Troop, Mr. Frank Yeigh, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Mr. Theodore W. Gregory, Mr. T. K. Merritt, Mr. W. E. H. Carter, Mr. John Carrick, Mr. S. B. Gundy, Mr. H. M. Hunt, Mr. W. Copp, Mr. E. F. Caswell and Mr. Frank Smith. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor made a speech that struck the note for the evening. His remarks were patriotic and humorous. The president of the Club was in good form and recited a part of Mr. Kipling's The Native Born. Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. J. S. Willison, Dr. Parkin, Col. G. T. Denison and Mr. A. F. Pirie were the other speakers. The guest of the evening delivered the speech in which most interest centered. Mr. Parker is a modest man, and all who heard him speak had an enhanced opinion of him. To put it in a word, he is sincere and does not try to "glitter."

Mr. B. F. Robinson, B.A., of Markham, has just had published by William Briggs a work on The True Sphere of the Blind. Dr. Robinson, having lost his eyesight, has one decided qualification for the treatment of his subject, and after reading part of the book (for I am reading it with deep interest as occasion presents), I am fully convinced that he has every prequalification necessary in considering the subject and has produced a volume that will become a text-book. The author says in his preface that blindness is not a subject of general interest, but I am forced to observe that his work is full of deep interest for every man who has or has not the privilege of eyesight. This includes every person. In his preface he says: "I believe The True Sphere of the Blind to be in those vocations which require mental activity rather than manual skill for their successful prosecution. By a careful psychological analysis I show that blindness renders possible a more intense mental life, and by an examina-

tion of the attempts to employ them at trade. I find that, as a matter of fact, the blind are unfit for such pursuits. The other important objects are: To furnish a guide to the correct way to deal with blindness and the blind, to point out the danger threatening the eyes of the people through our educational system, and to name the conditions and plans upon which the amelioration of the blind depends."

The author claims nothing on the score of being deprived of sight—indeed, I have not yet found an open reference in the book to the fact, and can only excuse my allusions to it on the ground that it contributes to the value of this learned and most interesting book. The author seems to hold that blindness gives an advantage to a man of mental strength, and many interesting cases are cited of the great services rendered science, politics and literature by men who were physically blind. The gist of the author's point of view is found on p. 101: "I would advise the parents of blind children to treat them as other children are treated; educate them as they would have been educated had not blindness intervened; send them out to look after themselves just as they would have been sent out under ordinary circumstances. The men who have resolved that their blindness should not interfere with their career have generally succeeded. It is when the blind are coddled that failure is most frequent." The author is strong on this point. It would be impossible to do justice to this valuable book in a paragraph, but I can recommend it unreservedly to all medical men, teachers and thinking people.

Canon Gore, in a recent lecture on the historical character of the Book of Acts, suggested that the speech of Stephen was undoubtedly a shorthand report and exhibited the marks of hurry which such a report must naturally show. He explained that shorthand was a well known art in New Testament times, and that shorthand writers formed then, as now, a distinct profession.

Points About People.

There are only two survivors in France of Napoleon's Grand Army, and one of them, M. Baillol, was recently decorated by President Faure with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Baillol is one hundred and three years old, and still reasonably active, though after Waterloo he was discharged from the army as a convalescent.

Pope Leo XIII. has presented to the Queen Regent of Spain the Palazzo Altempo in Rome, which he purchased recently for 1,200,000 francs. The palace was formerly a monastery and was rebuilt and decorated by Cardinal Marco of Altempo. Recently the Queen Regent of Spain expressed a strong desire to own a palace in Rome, and the pope has now gratified her wish.

The venerable Countess of Rothes had the right to perform a ceremony on any occasion when the sovereign of Scotland visited the Kingdom of Fife, which might have given her the title of "hereditary grand bootjack." By an old feudal custom the head of the Rothes family, when the king returned to Falkland palace from the hunt, had to pull off the royal boots and invest the royal feet in easy-going slippers.

Oman Digna, whose strange habit of bobbing up after he is reported dead inspired the poem reproduced in another column from Labby's *Truth*, performed prodigies of valor in the last Mahdist uprising. He is the son of a French nobleman and was educated in the military schools at Cairo. It seems that not only has Oman Digna returned to life, but that Lobengula has returned from the grave into which the press despatches consigned him two years ago.

Mr. J. Van Sommer has been awarded the prize offered last year by ex-Ald. John Shaw for the best essay on the subject How to Avoid Enforced Idleness of Wage Earners in our Dominion. The consideration of the essays was left with the Trades and Labor Council, and President Glockling has just announced the award. A public meeting will soon be held and Mr. Van Sommer's essay read and discussed, but it is not out of place to say that probably the solution offered is an adaptation in a general way of the European Free Labor Colony system, which could be operated so well here where land may be had, and had cheaply. Mr. Van Sommer has written much on Imperial Federation and other questions of import.

The most popular among the bandit chiefs of Cuba (General Garcia), who calls himself proudly "el rey de los campos de la isla de Cuba," i.e., "King of the prairies of the island Cuba," has contributed much to the misery of Cuba by his depredations. In 1886 he was, indeed, forced to fly to the United States, for the Spanish police were hot on his heels; but in the following year he returned, robbing, plundering and killing as before. In 1890 Garcia demanded of the railroad companies of Havana \$25,000. He threatened that if the money was not sent he would set fire to the stations, destroy bridges and derail trains. The companies at first refused to comply. The result was that railroad stations were burned down in several places, a bridge was much damaged by a dynamite explosion, and some trains were run off the rails. This caused a panic among the public, and passengers and goods were held back. The companies therefore came to the conclusion that it would be wisest to pay the \$25,000. Garcia had also a regular revenue from the owners of plantations. Those who paid their "taxes" regularly to him were not molested. Merchants and expressmen were also numbered among his "subjects." On the other hand, Garcia disbursed large sums for the police and other officials, so that he was always warned in time when danger threatened him. To-day Garcia is one of the heads of those "patriots" who ravage the beautiful isle with fire and sword, and bravely run away if they see any Spanish soldiers about.

Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about? "I was just thinkin' about somethin'. " You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."—London Answers.

The Re-Incarnation of Osman Digna.

London Truth.

Welcome, good old Osman Digna, like the clown at

Drury Lane,

On the stage once more appearing with your "Here

we are again!"

Times unnumbered Rumour's killed you, but, as

ever, you contrive,

When we fancy you are "deadest," to be, straight-

way, most alive.

Since you first came on the warpath, in now very

distant days,

You've paid the debt of nature in a multitude of

ways;

You've been shot, you have been poisoned, you've

been speared by your own side,

You've succumbed to slow starvation, you of pesti-

lence have died.

But, in spite of these demises, you to-day, if Reuter's

right,

Like an "injy-rubber idgit" still are spoiling for a

fight:

And your sudden re-appearance at your "Fuzzy-

Wuzzies" head,

Fills all Egypt, 'tis reported, with the liveliest of

dead

The Fall of the Curate.

THE curate rose from his knees and turned out the lights on the altar. This was the work of the sexton, but the sexton had gone home, and there was no one left in the church—none but the curate and the organist—the organist who sat in the shadow of his instrument dreamily fingering the red keys.

"Come, Morell," said the curate; "we must close up the church and go home."

"Wait," said the organist softly. "Turn out the lights and wait."

The curate looked at him wonderingly as he sat half concealed in the shadows that enveloped the organ and chancel in a dim, religious mist. He was a strange man, this organist, but a superb musician, of whom apart from that he knew very little. He was a strange man and had made a strange request, and one which in that holy place and hour grated harshly on the tired nerves of a curate already weak and overstrained by the prolonged Lenten services of fasting, and vigil, and prayer. The great body of the church was already shrouded in darkness, with the exception of the light which shone from a few jets of gas on the chancel, whose feeble and uncertain rays, strivings ineffectually to relieve the gloom, succeeded only in accentuating the dim fantasy of the shadows which played around the organ and mocked the pale and spectral light that fell on aisle, and altar, and nave. The strange and depressing influence of this environment, combined with the weariness begot of prolonged Lenten labor, stirred the gentle spirit of the curate to revolt against this sudden attack upon his nerves.

"I am tired," he said petulantly. "I have fasted for forty days, and worked very hard in the parish. To-morrow (Good Friday) I must rise at seven. Let me go home and rest."

"I have a confession to make," said the organist. "Put out the lights and listen."

There was a strange thrill in the voice of the organist, which moved the curate to wonder—moved him to wonder and fear. With a nervous glance at his companion he passed reluctantly to the lights and extinguished them one by one, with the exception of the solitary jet which burnt by the side of the musician in the shadow of the organ. His hand trembled as he touched the jets and his nervousness grew with the darkness which thickened and deepened around him, seeming to stifle him with its closeness and blackness, and oppressing him with a consciousness of some hidden and terrible danger. The last light was extinguished, and nervous and faint and exhausted he sank into a seat in the choir and gazed with strained and expectant eyes at the vague and shadowy figure that sat motionless in front of the organ. But no sound disturbed the stillness; the moments seemed longer than hours, and the silence as dense as the darkness which oppressed the soul of the listener with a nameless and terrible fear.

A white hand fluttered in the air—fluttered a moment and fell—and suddenly upon the quiet of the holy place there burst a flood of most unholy sound. It was a vise. Wave after wave and tide on tide of sacrilegious music beat the air, pealing and vibrating through the holies of the chancel and rushing in fierce derision down the dark vistas of the aisles. It mounted to the galleries and rang among the rafters, storming the altar, and choir, and chancel with wild harmonic laughter and musical sneer and jeer, deriding the holiness of the temple and mocking the sanctity of the sanctuary with fierce melodic scorn.

"Be silent, madman," cried the curate; "remember where you are, the place, the hour."

"Be silent you," cried the organist above the waves of sound. "Be silent you and listen. It is thus I have lived my life."

The curate shuddered and bowed his head. The long Lenten fast had told on his emaciated frame. He was faint, and weak, and exhausted by the hard work of the parish, long days of watching by the beds of the sick, and nights of spiritual striving, and vigil, and fast, and prayer. But the long Lent battle was drawing to an end and he had hoped to rest—to rest and be happy; and now at the moment of his greatest weakness, just when the battle was over and the victory seemed to be won; when, weakened and worn by the struggle, he had hoped to find rest and peace—now, at the moment of his greatest weakness, the tempter was upon him. The evil one assailed him in the darkness of the church. Sin with her sweetest voice was singing as the sirens sang of old—singing of life and its joys.

Profane and beautiful, the music thrilled his soul, drowning the whispers of his conscience with hot harmonic waves and wakening passions and yearnings he had never known before. Passionate and persuasive, it echoed through the aisles and corridors of his brain and stormed his soul with waves of fire and melody and light, as it had stormed and scorned the altar of the church wherein he knelt and prayed. For it was singing now of all life's sweetest joys, its passion and its ecstasy and hope—the lips that lure, the smile that slays, the hope that dares and ventures all, the faith that dies forever to live an hour, and the fathomless love that loses all to win a little and loves that little better than the lost. In tender tones and low, it told of stolen joys and veiled and secret bliss, and rapture born of the red, red wine, and purple passions, and pleasures fierce and fair. Hark to the voice of Juliet singing a love song to her Romeo—love song in the moonlight. A nightingale is calling to her mate—the song of the loved to her lover. Mark the royal rage of Othello—it is pealing, pealing, pealing from the organ. No, it is Ophelia now who weeps and whispers. Come. How the music thrills and trembles, soft and sweet, tender and low, tender and low, and soft and sweet, wakening a wild delirium of emotional passion and longing in the soul of him who hears.

"The world is fair," cries the organ. "The world is fair, fair, fair. Why are you wasting the dawn of your life in helpless longing and hopeless prayer, when all the world is fair, fair, fair?"

The curate heard and trembled for his soul.

The contagion of passion had seized him, and he longed to feel what he heard, to go out of the darkness and gloom of the church into the

beautiful world—the purple world, the world

of passion, and smiles, and tears, and sunlight, gold and glory.

The white hand fluttered a moment in the air—fluttered a moment and fell—and rested in silence on the keys. The voice of the organ was hushed, but still the music trembled and thrilled, thrilled in the soul of the curate. A thousand passions hitherto undreamt of vibrated in his heart and strange desires blossomed in his breast. His eye had glanced along the glowing chords of melody and seen the vistas of a larger life.

The organist rose from the organ. His face was pale and sad and his eyes were full of fear as he glanced at the fire in the eyes of the white wan face before him.

"You are going," said the curate.

"Yes, I am going to Sullivan's to gamble and dance and drink," said the musician.

"May I come?" said the curate.

The organist turned away his head and answered hoarsely, "Come."

And they passed from the church together.

Toronto, April 6. GAIUS.

London Ladies' Letter.

LONDON, ENGLAND, April 2, 1896.

THE Women's Degree question is engaging much attention, and I am sure a reference to it will interest the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. The Oxford and Cambridge Universities are on the whole opposed in principle to the project. Cambridge reserves its final decision on the matter till October next. At first, neither university—more particularly so that of Cambridge—would as much as listen to the idea; but having reflected over the question, the Dons are willing to reconsider the matter during the ensuing six months, when they will duly pronounce their verdict. The "Cams" intend referring it to a syndicate, that will consult with such persons and bodies as they think fit. The report of the syndicate will be submitted to the Senate for final voting. The supporters of the fair sex in this question are many, and have for chief champion Mrs. Sidgwick, who besides being Mr. Arthur Balfour's sister, is the Principal of Newnham College. Professor Marshall heads the opposition, and is equally influential. This gentleman proposes to solve the difficulty by creating special universities for women. The un gallant conduct of the two great English seats of learning will not unlikely drive women to the leading educational institutions of Scotland, where degrees—equally as important as those conferred in England—are bestowed on ladies as well as gentlemen, for the Scotch recognize that a woman can have as much programme intelligence as a man. The universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen have seized the occasion to open their doors to women. The students of Cambridge are severely criticized for their un gallant and parochial conduct; they are, however, willing to confer upon ladies diplomas of some kind, perhaps the B.A., but certainly not the sacred M.A., which decree, they maintain, must ever be the exclusive property of men. The Oxonians are a shade less exclusive, though imposing very selfish conditions, that are not favorably accepted. Thus, they would be glad to bestow honors on the fair sex, but ladies would have to reside for twelve terms in a place approved by the university. And even then, no lady is to be granted a B.A. degree unless she has taken honors in at least one subject. Last, not least, though the lady students did win either a B.A. or an M.A. degree, they would be forbidden to add same to their name. They must always keep their light under a bushel. "It might out-daze masculine genius!"

The Grand Hotel at Cimiez, where the Queen is enjoying a haven of rest, presents nothing new since Her Majesty's last annual visit, save that the owners of surrounding properties have in many cases constructed private roads connecting with the grounds of the hotel, to afford to the Queen a greater variety in her phaeton drives. Cimiez is now the most picturesque suburb of paradise Nice, and is only two miles north of the animated town. The Grand Hotel is an unpretentious-looking building, three stories high, and surrounded by a lovely tropical garden. The temporary royal residence is health itself, being situated four hundred and twenty feet above the blue Mediterranean. The immediate neighborhood, as well as the village of Cimiez itself, is full of historical reminiscences. The attention of Her Majesty was first drawn to Cimiez three years ago by Miss Cochrane, one of her maid-servants, who resided some time there. Necessary plans and photographs were taken in consequence and submitted to the Queen, who finally resolved to rent the Grand Hotel at a rent of 37,500 francs per month. The proprietor, like a shrewd man, expended nearly all the rent in ameliorating the old building and introducing the latest sanitary improve-



Charlie Kiddy—So you ah not going on the stage to-night at all? Miss Highkicker—Bet your life I am. I'm going on in three parts. Charlie Kiddy—Gwacious!

ments, hence in this respect it is faultless. The royal apartments are on the first floor; the Queen's bedroom is entirely reconstructed and is situated at the back of the hotel, facing the north, the favorite point preferred by Her Majesty, who likes to sleep in a cool and spacious chamber. Her Majesty always sleeps in her own large mahogany bed, which is ever brought specially from Windsor along with her donkey-chaise.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princesses Victoria and Maud, and, of course, Prince Charles of Denmark, held, on behalf of the Princess, the first drawing-room of the season at Buckingham Palace, and I must tell you about it. It was not at all a gay gathering; the day was gloomy, but that did not prevent a large crowd, as usual, to gather, to witness the "arrivals," the *debutantes* especially. It was noticed that there was a considerable falling off in the wearing of floral favors by coachmen and valets. Indeed, the occupants of carriages themselves had bouquets of a sickly character. As ever, the number of presentations was very large. The Royal Family, being in mourning for the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, impeded quite a chilly feeling to the imposing ceremony. The Princess Maud of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Coburg were the observed of all observers. No matter whether in or out of mourning, the Princess of Wales is certain to set off her toilette; her robe was of black silk, with jet embroidery, corsage and train corresponding; her *coiffure* was composed of a tiara of diamonds, black feathers and the necessary veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. The Princesses Victoria and Maud wore gowns of similar material as their mother, with more varied jet trimming, Vandyke sleeves, pearl and ornaments. The Duchess of York patronized a black English watered silk, with jet and feather trimming and embroidery; head-dress and ornaments similar to the Princess of Wales. The toilettes of outsiders consisted chiefly of white satin as the gown material, more or less embroidered with silver-ribbons, bows, cord or silver tissue; lily-of-the-valley, mimosa or roses were the floral trimmings most patronized; corsages, that matched trains, were rather heavily laden with costly lace. The dress of the Lady Mayoress was extremely handsome, consisting of ivory satin, ornamented with frosted silver floral festoons at the bottom of the skirt in front. The general fashions present no decided change; the sleeve question causes much discussion, evidence that a definite change is not distant. For the moment the sleeve at the shoulder commences to lap more than bulge, and tightens at the wrist like a bishop's sleeve. Skirts are straight in front, with a tendency to trim them slightly at the foot; at the back the folds gather gracefully and fall with ease from the waist. Dress materials will this spring consist of elegant alpacas, and the tailor costume never was more in vogue. But it must be perfect in cut and faultless in fit. The style for jackets is more and more Louis XV. and Louis XVI.—the first particularly. Hats are rather still of broad-brim structure, but the marked peculiarity of head-gear is the immense quantity of season flowers—violets and primroses employed—exquisitely made, with ribbon to match and lace everywhere. Note, that when the cigarette is made of flowers it ought to spring from an artificial diamond clasp.

"Tea cigarettes" are no longer in favor; they are now considered ridiculous. Tea-leaves never made up good cigarettes, because either

too moist or too dry. "Light mild tobacco" is being again employed, and special "ladies' pipes" made in porcelain, cherrywood and amber, have met with favor. MODISTE.

The Editor's Retaliation.

CICERO PERKINS was a very nice young man—not nice in the sense of fastidious, but nice in the sense of pleasant. His cheerful demeanor, however, was chiefly due, no doubt, to his excellent regard for him who is generally every man's most cherished friend and is therefore known in calm and dispassionate grammar as the first person singular.

But a steady breeze may blow against a sturdy structure till it falls; a contemptible obstacle often derails a huge and mighty train. Alas! the disturbance of self-esteem brings about a sense of fury, which, whether it afterward subsides or not into the low still tide of repentant humiliation, has waves that beat and spray to sting.

Cicero Perkins did not hope to win for himself a resounding fame in literature. He philanthropically intended to accomplish this enterprise for the lasting benefit of an eager world. A few weeks only need they wait. He abode his majestic time. Meanwhile, with a keen eye to self-improvement, and a discernment that now proves triumphantly the absence of conceit, he determined to read at least one page of *The New Continental Dictionary* every day before breakfast. He had heard of this plan before. He knew it would add zest to his mornings, and well up within him as a seething earnest of future glorification.

The plan worked admirably, and Cicero was really painstaking and conscientious.

"Hum," growled the editor, "this idiot says nothing, but he's stocked himself with words of a feather, and he's flocked them together with a vengeance. Lesse:

"Accurate acknowledgments of acumen are adduced as the antipodes of amateur amenities. The *Eneid* is an allegory achieved by an *a priori* architect. *Apropos* of analogy, ancestry is advertised in aesthetic alternatives by alienating the amiable affections of antiquity who aid aspiration with an arduous accent on the antepenult."

"Balder!" was the enigmatic verdict rendered by the critical registering apparatus of the editor's weather hemisphere. The proof-reader would have heaved a hollow laugh.

Scratching hastily on a pad before him, he tore the resulting note from its position, seized a printed slip from a pile on the right, thrust these with the manuscript into a long official envelope, and cast the lot aside to await the coming of the first instrument of Nemesis, the acting force, the office-boy.

Curiously we glance over Cicero's shoulder as he reads:

DEAR SIR.—We regret that we do not find it possible at present to accept your article so kindly submitted for publication in *The Mammoth Monthly Magazine*. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it lacks merit. Thanking you for your courtesy, etc.

We are, very truly yours,

TRYM A. GANE,

Cicero Perkins, Esq.

Editor.

Cicero madly tears open the accompanying slip, which we perceive, reads as follows:

Cut up your stuff into feet and lines. It'll make a great hit as afterter verse.

T. A. G.

Our hero, Perkins, howls vindictively, scatters the fragments to the ceiling, pounds the wall and bursts into a series of prolonged and awful objurgations, mostly beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, although as yet he had not mastered the first forty pages of *The New Continental Dictionary*.

Having become rather calmer and more bitter in a week or two, he one day seized the pen, broke it, seized another, grasped the ink-bottle, split it, laughed ironically and reached for the red ink as better adapted for his purpose, anyway, and thus bestirred himself to write. This is the letter he sent:

T. A. GANE:

ANIMAL—I defy you and assert your abominable absence of appreciation. Ardent ambition I have,

nor is it blighted by the asinine ailng with which you are afflicted. Ah! arrogant anomaly, shudder! for the day will dawn ere long when ample acclamation and applause shall drown your anxious cries, and anger destroy your apparatus. AVANT, I say!

ANONYMOUS.

Which was perhaps rather mild after such treatment, but restricted somewhat noticeably by a certain peculiar tendency.

But psychology can never analyze the emotions of Cicero two days after. For this is the letter he received—only a printed slip, yet a model of appropriateness and a masterpiece of retort:

DEAR SIR.—We regret that we do not find it possible at present to accept your article so kindly submitted for publication in *The Mammoth Monthly Magazine*. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it lacks merit. Thanking you for your courtesy, etc.

We are,

Very truly yours,

TRYM A. GANE,

Cicero Perkins, Esq.

PLASKET.

An Allegorical Figure of the Press.

San Francisco Argonaut.

In a recent number of the *Fourth Estate*, a journal published for newspaper men, there was given the result of a competition "for an artistic design typifying 'The Press.'" The competition was confined to newspaper "artists," and the result was certainly peculiar. A number of designs were sent in, and three well known editors were appointed as judges. The judges were forced to say that, in their opinion, the designs were none of them good, but they gave the prize, one hundred dollars, to the one which seemed, in their opinion, to be the least bad. This came from the surging brain of an "artist" on a Minneapolis daily. It represented a preposterous female figure in an impossible attitude enlightening an apocryphal world. The depths of mediocrity to which the newspaper "artists" descended were as amusing as they were melancholy. But we would recommend to the *Fourth Estate*, if it desires a picture which will typify "The Press," to take the double-page cartoon in the number of *Life* published on March 19. This represents a figure in the middle of an imposing city square. It is a horrible, obscene creation, with a face something between that of a Medusa and an Irish hod-carrier. Around its base are the trampled bodies of its victims, while the bowed forms of weeping women and the inanimate forms of suicide men act as supporters. Not far from it is a fair white marble statue of Justice, which is bedaubed with mud, while the figure typifying "The Press" is gathering from the filth at its base handfuls of mud to hurl at the passers-by. In the middle distance are the figures of decent people, mud-bedabbled, recoiling in affright at the figure of "The Press." In the background are to be seen terrified citizens fleeing for the tall timber. The design is a striking one, and we commend it to our esteemed contemporary, the *Fourth Estate*, as being one that most correctly typifies "The Press" as it is viewed by intelligent Americans.

To the above, from the *Argonaut*, we may add a few sentences extracted from the report of a sermon delivered in Washington on March 22 by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. He said that, "To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth." On the whole he took ground as an apostle for the daily press.

Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morally dull, when vice is printed with great heads and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity set up in great primer and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome; make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful; make it beautiful.

Talmage touched the vital spot just there.

Later he spoke as follows:

A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing press! God save the printing press!

When I see the printing press standing with the electric telegraph on one side gathering the material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspaper, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I command you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type-setters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race.

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BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

73 Yonge Street, Toronto

Anecdotal.

Father Healy's wit seldom had a sting to it. On one occasion, however, some vulgar people asked how he got on so well in fine houses. "Faith," said Father Healy, "it must be from my mother I got it, for papa was as common as any of you."

When Sir Robert Walpole retired into private life, time hung heavy on his hands, and Horace exerted himself to amuse his father. One day he offered to read to him. "What will you read, child?" asked Sir Robert wearily. Horace suggested history. "No, no," replied the veteran statesman; "not history, Horace; that can't be true."

One day Pat Delaney applied before the borough magistrates in Yorkshire for a beer-house license. On being asked if he had anyone in court to speak on his behalf as to his character, Pat looked around and said: "Yes, yer worships, the chief constable." "Me!" said the chief constable; "why, I don't know the man." Pat said: "Your worships, I have lived in this town twenty years, and the chief constable doesn't know me. Isn't that good enough for ye?" If I'd had a bad character he would have known me." Pat got the license.

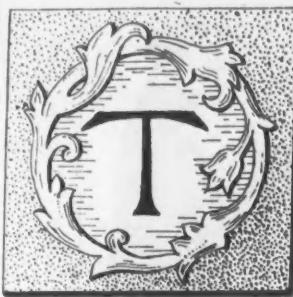
The Duchess of Fife, like everyone else, has been learning to cycle, and has been taking lessons at a private riding-school at Brighton, accompanied by her husband, who was much interested in her progress. In order to steady the rider, it is customary with a beginner for the instructor to place his arm around the pupil as he walks beside her, but in this case the master was obviously shy of following the usual practice. The Duke of Fife, observing his hesitation, said with an amused smile, "Oh, you can put your arm around her waist—I sha'n't mind."

A Turkish physician once called in to attend an upholsterer very ill with typhus fever gave him up for lost, but passing the house next day found him still alive and on the mend. On enquiry, he found that the patient, in his consuming thirst, had swallowed a painful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Called in subsequently to attend a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs ill of the same disease, he prescribed at once the juice of pickled cabbage. The next day the man was dead, whereupon the doctor entered in his notebook the following memorandum: "While pickled cabbage juice is a very efficient remedy in cases of typhus, it is not to be used unless the patient be, by profession, an upholsterer."

It having been the custom in a certain establishment in the North to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, named Dan D——, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus: "Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?" "If ye please, sur, I've been sent as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymunt of our wages." "Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master. "Well, sur, it is the desire of meself, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

The following, whether true or not, will interest those who heard Paderewski play in Massey Hall this week: During the last "Norwich Festival, a well known architect took Paderewski over the cathedral, with which he was greatly impressed, so much so that next day he resolved to go there alone, and make himself further acquainted with its beauties. He managed to lose his way, however, in the Cathedral Close, and, happening to pass what looked like a schoolroom, from which sounds of music were issuing, he stopped, and went in to enquire his way. A few small choir boys were there alone, waiting for the rest to assemble for practice, grouped around one of their number who was seated at the piano. It must be explained that several of the cathedral choir boys are included in the festival chorus, so that they had heard Paderewski play the great Polish Fantasy produced at Norwich during rehearsal. "I'll show you how 'Paddy' plays," the young pianist was saying, just as Paderewski entered, and straightway began a decidedly "frisky" imitation of the great player. For a moment he listened, much amused, then advancing to the group, he remarked quietly: "No, I'll show you how 'Paddy' plays," and, quietly pushing aside the little pianist, he played for a short time magnificently to the astonished boys, who stood in open-mouthed admiration, not at first recognizing their visitor, till it dawned upon them that they were having a recital from no less a person than "Paddy" himself.

Between You and Me.



HAT fools can ask questions which wise men cannot answer, is a truth which no one realizes more fully than those modest folk who write up columns in the newspapers.

People ask you the queerest things, demanding opinions, the expression of which might cost you your head, and decisions which would pose Solomon, and verdicts which no one has a right to pronounce. And when you decline decapitation, or brain fever, or presumption, they revile you for a namby-pamby who lacks backbone. It is not always the positive dogmatist who thinks the deepest and knows the most; and it is not the correspondent from the States who sends you an addressed envelope stamped with a pink U.S. stamp, who gets the promptest answer.

A lady has written me a very lengthy epistle demanding that I investigate her ancestral tree, and find out for her from which daughter of a certain Irish earl, whose transatlantic descendants I chance to know, she is descended. There are limits, dear woman. I have not the slightest objection, provided you pay my expenses, to let business stand over while I jaunt over to Kilkenny and interview the cats, or whoever has lived there longest, on the burning question of who you are and how you came to be thusly. I think I could promise you the necessary information for five hundred dollars, which would not be much to pay in a matter of such great importance. The lady doesn't speak of compensation, but to be satisfied as to whether she is the descendant of Catherine or Anne is surely worth a good deal. I don't want anyone to imagine I am such a fool as to undervalue a pedigree; things are apt to go with it which are worth a good deal, but given so satisfactory a line of descent as my correspondent spends several sheets of paper in proving to be correct, she might accept Catherine or Anne, whichever is remotely responsible for her existence, without inviting me to grab up a hundred and fifty years' accumulation of peacefully planted ancestors.

Under a wineglass on my desk sits a small yellow butterfly. Whether she mistook her death or lost her way I am not informed, but while the snow-birds whirl about in the icy air, and the skies lower cold and gray, my Psyche, little, shivering, glass-covered soul, keeks through her wineglass at winter. Every now and then she stretches her wings and twiddles her long brown horns and lifts one foot after another. Poor little yellow Psyche, like a love that is not wanted, she will presently meet some cruel blast, and the life that is in her will go out before it.

The love that is not wanted! Sometimes though, it is not so frail, so easily killed as my beautiful butterfly. The love that is not wanted may be, and often is, a ravening wolf or a raving lion, and sometimes a dove that mourns and fills the air with sadness. And it starves to death after exactly the same fashion as the creature it resembles. And the pity of it is that it need not die, if only it would look about it.

Now that the cycling days are coming, there is a feature which has perhaps never before attracted our notice as we glanced over the face of the country, but which will now have a great interest. I mean the wayside inns. We don't quite know, in this country, what the real thing is, the rose-embowered, honeysuckle-hung, lattice-windowed, rustic-porch'd, altogether delightful and brooding old building, where are cold roasts, and huge home-made loaves, and strong tea, and good Octoberale, and a big, lazy, thick-voiced landlord shouting spasmodically at his wife and his maids, straddling in the doorway, patronizing the cyclists, approvingly patting a choice piece of horseflesh, and glancing slightly at the smartest 1896 wheel. We used to have a few of them hereabouts, and in very juvenile days I remember driving up to a low portal, over which a swinging sign of a brown bee-hive hung, on which was painted the following jingle:

"Within this hive we're all alive,
Good whiskey makes us funny.
If you are dry come in and try
The flavor of our honey!"

And I have chanted this shocking anti-temperance rhyme to an accompaniment of jingling harness and ring of even-stepping horses' hoofs on the fine level road, until it's no wonder I wouldn't join in certain bicycle club composed entirely of teetotalers. There was another inn on that road, the sign of which was a painted gate also swinging over the drive-way.

"This gate hangs high and hinders none,
Refresh, and pay and travel on,
ran the legend which I so often spelled out, while the horses and the driver followed the first two orders of the rhyme. I remember that the second one always rather grated on my enjoyment of that sign, and I placed it second to the bee-hive, where no money matters were mentioned.

If I had plenty of money to invest just now I should build a low country inn with small dining-rooms opening off an immense one, the tables of which latter could be folded up and stowed against the wall, leaving a big space for dancing. I would have a bicycle stable, and a repair shop, the homeliest waiting-women I could find and the prettiest cashier. Maybe Mr. Gay would be sufficiently round for the Boniface, now that those wise little nurses have impressed upon him the necessity of five meals a day. The inn should have a wide veranda with steps all the way across the front of it after-dining perches for the cyclists, who abhor a civilized chair; and there should be a bath, immense and refreshing, where one could take at least five swimming strokes, and ice-cool lager should be in regular rivers, but whiskey

Against the Law.



He—A blind man was arrested last night for riding a bicycle.
She—Why?
He—His "lamps" were out.

The Peasants' Revenge.

Schwabischer Merkur.

A village pastor in Wurtemberg, being greatly exercised in mind at the want of sobriety among his parishioners, harangued them as follows from the pulpit:

"If a flag were hoisted on the roof of each of you peasants that goes to bed intoxicated on Sunday nights, the whole village would be ablaze with colors on the Monday!"

The crestfallen peasants trooped out of the church; but next day a flag was gaily fluttering in the breeze over the parsonage, placed there by an unknown hand. That was the peasants' revenge.

The Gem of the Collection.

L'Illustration.

Baron X. had been going over the museum of a little country town, and when about to leave he asked the curator if there was anything more to be seen.

"Yes, Baron," was the reply; "there remains a little casket."

"No doubt used as a deposit for the jewelry of some eminent personage?" enquired the Baron.

"No, sir; that is where I put the tips given to me by visitors to the museum."

Boarders for Sale.

Tit-Bits.

A somewhat startling advertisement appeared lately in a Parisian paper, which illustrates the tendency of boarding-house keepers everywhere to regard their boarders as a species of property. The announcement was as follows:

For Sale—A house containing six suits of apartments, including all the occupants—tenants and boarders. An excellent opportunity for a married couple.

A Hint to Professional Men.

From the Dominion Dental Journal.

SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto—The popularity of this unexcelled weekly is well deserved. We know no rival which is conducted with more, if as much, ability. It is in every sense the very best of its kind on the continent, its editorials alone being remarkable for their convincing force and breadth of view. It is one of the few weekly papers which are worthy of preservation in permanent form. While avoiding all vulgarity and sensationalism in its composition and adapting itself to the family circle, the editor, unwittingly perhaps, has obtained an influence which is destined to make SATURDAY NIGHT one of the most powerful political factors of the Canadian press. It is a paper that every professional man should have in his office.

Photographing the Queen.

Glasgow Mail.

It has often been stated that the Queen is an excellent subject for the photographer. Mr. Downey of the well known photographic firm has been telling the English Illustrated Magazine that his success with royalty has been attained by "being perfectly natural and avoiding all fuss." That, he added, is what her

majesty likes best. "When she honors me with a sitting she tells me at once how many minutes she has to spare, and, although the time is generally brief, the sitting is always got over successfully. On one occasion I remember the Queen had just five minutes to spare, and in that time I had to take her alone and also with two of the princesses of Hesse. The result was perfectly satisfactory."

Dilemma.

"Mother," said four-year-old, "if you had two invitaments for the same time, which would you go to?"

"The one that came first, dear."

"But if they both came together, mother, which would you take?"

"The one I liked best, I suppose, dear."

"Well, but if Mrs. Black and Mrs. White both asked you, what would you do? Don't you know you said the other day that Mrs. White wasn't any?"

"Run out and play now, dear—immediately."

A GREAT DEAL OF NONSENSE

Has been written—and believed
about Blood Purifiers.

WHAT PURIFIES THE BLOOD?
THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD
AND THEY ALONE

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy dragged-out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

SCOTT & BOWNS, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

"SANITAS"

NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.

Non-Poisonous. Does not stain Linen.

FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable copy right book giving simple directions in case of the various infections that may occur in every-day life, will be a aid Free on application to THE SANITAS Co., Limited, BETHLEHEM, GREEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A pushing Agent wanted in each Canadian City.

REMINGTON CYCLE SCHOOL

In compliance with the many requests which we have received, and for the convenience of those who cannot attend during the day, we have decided to keep our Riding Academy

Open Every Evening

TILL 10 O'CLOCK

We are much gratified at the immense popularity which the school has attained, and will continue to do, in our power to merit the patronage that has been so freely accorded it.

McDONALD & WILLSON

187 Yonge St., Toronto

AGENTS FOR

"Remington," "Columbia," and "M. & W. Special" Cycles.



The eighth annual exhibition of the Woman's Art Association was opened last Monday in Roberts' art gallery, 79 King street west, and is quite the most successful exhibition yet held by the W.A.A., whether considered from a social or artistic point of view. All afternoon and evening the two rooms were well filled, crowded at times. The guests were daintily served with refreshments by their hostesses, and there was no lack of subject for conversation, the pictures always supplying that. Perhaps the most noticeable piece of work is Mrs. Watts' large *salon* picture of a garden, which is wonderful in its intense open-air effect of sunlight and shadow in the plants in the foreground, the middle distance treated broadly and effectively, and the red roofs of the houses at the back showing well, yet with delicate gradations of tones, against the sky. By the same artist are cattle in the field, well drawn. The foreshortened oxen drawing the load of hay by Mrs. McCaig are splendidly done, as is also the slightly hazy atmosphere of a clear sunlit summer's afternoon. Hauling Seaweed, by the same artist, is a dull gray day, the two carts and the color of the shore showing purplish-red. No more brilliant piece of color could be found in the collection than the loosely painted panel of chrysanthemums with the blue-green jar in their midst, and all the glory of the iridescent color doubled in the reflections of the polished surface. Mrs. Dignam, the artist, is less successful, in the roses in another picture, but the sweet-peas in water-color are quite as charming, though more delicate. A number of other flower pieces and landscapes are by the same artist. Miss Holden exhibits an interior with an old woman sewing, the walls of the room and the old-fashioned high bed forming a very dark background; the picture would be quite as interesting and better proportioned if a good deal of the surroundings to the figure were cut away. The two street scenes by the same artist show fine aerial perspective and are firmly handled. Miss McConnell has been very successful in her portrait of Mrs. Couen, and in many respects with the other portrait of Miss Dignam, but the background seems to be unsatisfactory as a background, and does not relieve the figure; a little view of a brook has pretty color, and a dog's head, though somewhat hard, is well drawn and expressive. Among the portraits are: A young lady, by Miss Hemming, which, while lacking in boldness and decision, shows good color and delicacy of treatment in the flesh; a child's head, Spring Violets, by Miss Kearns, the picture, frame and all, being a very pretty scheme of color in greens, with a touch of purple, and the flesh, while not solidly painted, is loosely handled and very expressive of wondering childhood; a pastel portrait, by Mme. Constantin, boldly and firmly done; a pastel portrait by Mrs. Arthurs, rather overworked and faulty in drawing; a small oil portrait by Miss Farncombe, well done. Miss Galbraith's views are new in subject and fresh in treatment; one, an old Dutch mill, such as we never see here, in purplish tones, is partly hidden by some brilliantly green foliage in the foreground. Mrs. Elliot has several very spirited sketches, in which she has caught the action and reproduced the color admirably, and with little apparent effort. With her skill Mrs. Elliot might well give a picture showing composition. Two wood interiors by Miss Douglas are broadly given, and in pen-and-ink work this artist is remarkable for strength and decorative effect, something in the style of the sixteenth century wood-cut book illustrations.

On Tuesday afternoon a large number of the members of the Ontario Teachers' Association assembled in the lecture-room of the Normal School to listen to Mr. Sherwood's popular lecture on Color in Nature in Relation to the School-room. It is similar in subject to that which Mr. Sherwood delivered before the National Educational Association of the United States, which met in Toronto some three years ago. In the volume of proceedings of the N. E. A. this lecture appears almost in full, being accorded a very prominent place. It created considerable discussion in scientific circles at that time, and, as a result, many of the schools in the cities of the Union have adopted Mr. Sherwood's suggestions of color arrangement. He has been frequently invited to lecture before state educational associations.

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will open on May 4; all work must be in not later than April 24.

George Henry Boughton, the well known American artist, has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Lord Leighton.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

In Regard to Marriage.

In Japan, if a woman is not married by a certain age, the authorities pick out a man whom they compel her to marry. In Schleswig there is a spinner's insurance company, established to provide for the single lady members of well-to-do families. The company gives them shelter, board and pin money. In Denmark young women are able to insure against being old maids. Should they remain spinsters at forty they receive a weekly allowance. The Mariabihl Matrimonial Club of Austria the members of which are all rich men, pledge themselves to marry a poor girl—any infringement by marrying a rich one entails a fine of £400, which forms an endowment to keep those who have obeyed the rule. On the other hand, an anti-matrimonial club exists at Frankfort, the members being ladies between the ages of twenty and forty, duly elected and paying an annual subscription of £10. They take a vow never to marry; doing so entails a fine of £100. Every member must dress in black and forswear novels.

England is an American Power.

A glance at the map will show the extent to which Britain is an American power. The following is a list of the British possessions in America, with their respective areas:

	Sq. Miles.
Newfoundland and Labrador	160,200
Canada	3,456,383
The Bermudas	190
The West Indies	12,175
British Honduras	7,562
British Guiana	109,000
The Falklands Islands	7,500
	3,753,010

Against this the United States possess a total area of 3,501,000 square miles, being 250,000 less than belong to the British crown.

Good Goods Wear Longer.

The history of medical treatment for alcoholism for the past five years has been the story of the triumphant march of the Double Chloride of Gold system, and the hundreds of thousands of men and women emancipated from the thrall of whisky through its agency. The same period has witnessed the rise and the fall of hundreds of mushroom enterprises which have deluded the public with promises of cure without being able to deliver the goods. Ontario has been the camping ground of not a few, but all have disappeared. These secured patronage chiefly by offering cheap cures, giving worthless guarantees, and misrepresentation. The cheap cures have proved to be worthless ones, and many who thought they were saving are now sorrowing. Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, has always maintained a standard and a standard of excellence. Lakehurst Institute is the only prosperous and scientifically successful one in the province. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best.

tions, modified by Japanese conventionalism," to quote a recent art magazine; Miss Fisken shows several very odd, but to us drawn but hazily defined, and several miniatures; Miss Van de Linde's miniatures are very lovely; Miss Sanborn's design for the *Graphic* is admirable; Miss Spurr's out-of-door studies show progress, the effect of atmosphere and action of the bending figure in study of the grainfield being especially fine; Miss Phillips' Spring shows the budding purple of the trees and the gleam of white birches among them; Miss Plimsol has given a broad rendering in Path in the Dunes, Holland, of the curving path bordered on either side with plants bearing a yellow flower; Miss MacDonnell has a very pleasing view on the Isle of Orleans, sunny and firmly drawn; Mrs. Schreiber has been most successful in her rendering of cats, the black fellow on the barrel in Low Life is very expressive; of Mrs. Hemsted's landscapes, perhaps the most pleasing, while the simplest in subject, is a sunset—which really is not a landscape at all, for there is little but water and sky and tender color; an autumn sketch by Miss Howson is very pleasing, and a group of daffodils in a ginger jar by Mrs. Leonard are truthfully given. Miss Dillon's Peonies are delicately and firmly modeled. Much of the work shown, while creditable to the exhibition, is yet too palpably the work of a beginner and an amateur to be criticized, but as the Association is not so much for the instruction of professionals as for the mutual improvement of its members, it might not be fair to apply to the work shown the standards of a general exhibition, yet a fair proportion of the pictures could gain admittance in any exhibition. Before closing, mention must be made of the pen-and-ink drawings of Mrs. Holmsted, who is evidently no amateur illustrator, as her firm lines and correct drawing show, and of the pen sketches of Miss McConnell and wash drawings of Mrs. Elliot. The bent iron work by Miss Anderson is most artistic and made to serve in making of candlesticks, fire-screens and other objects of use in the household. The exhibition will be open until the 17th of this month during the day, and is well worth a visit.

The Mystery of Pain.
What are its Causes and Why is it Permitted?

The Great Work is Being Done by Bright Minds in Alleviating Human Suffering—A Case Affording a Striking Illustration. From the Erin Advocate.

From the time when man first peopled the earth down to the present day, the mystery of pain has filled all hearts with wonder and terror. What are its causes, why is it permitted, and what its uses are in the great economy of nature? All these questions men have asked of themselves and of one another, but the question has found no solution. All that can be done is to devise ways of relieving physical suffering, and bright minds have assisted dear hearts in bringing aid to the



afflicted. All the vast resources of nature's laboratory have been pressed into service to the end that tortured bodies might have surcease from anguish, and know the peace that only health can bring. And what more natural than that these poor victims of disease thus released from suffering should desire to aid in the extension of the knowledge of the means whereby they have been benefited?

Such a one is Miss Drusilla Shingler of Erin, Ont., who tells a tale of pain endured through weary years, and of final relief and cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the greatest medicine of the age. Miss Shingler says: "Twelve years ago I became afflicted with rheumatism, from which I have suffered greatly. Two years later this trouble was aggravated by a growth which started in the throat, and which each year became larger and larger, until it finally became so bad that I could hardly obtain any sleep, as when I lie down it would fill my throat, causing a feeling of suffocation. What I suffered is almost beyond description, and all the medical aid I had did me no good, and I was told that I could only hope for relief through the medium of an operation. All this time the rheumatism was taking a firmer hold upon my system, and I felt like giving up in despair. I lost the power of my limbs and my hands got so bad that I could scarcely hold anything. At this stage a friend, who from personal experience had strong faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, bought me a supply and urged me to try them. I thought I felt an improvement after I had used a little more than a box, and after using them for a few weeks there was no longer room to doubt that they were helping me. I was taking the Pink Pills in the hope of finding relief from the rheumatism, but to my great joy I found that the medicine was not only driving this painful malady from my system, but was also driving away the growth in my throat. The result was that after I had used about a dozen boxes of Pink Pills I was completely cured, and, although a considerable time has now elapsed, I have not had a recurrence of either trouble, and am enjoying the best of health. For the help my statement may be to others, I am only too glad to add my testimony to the long list of wonderful cures, such as mine, that have been wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This greatest of nineteenth century medicines positively cures all troubles arising from a disordered or weak state of the blood, or shattered nerves. If you are feeling weak or depressed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act as a prompt tonic, and if seriously ill no other remedy can so promptly restore you to health and strength. The genuine Pink Pills are put up in round wooden boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CLEMENCE.—I am looking forward to seeing you soon. Don't forget your promise to reciprocate art for art. The other one is expecting the promised sketch this long while.

BK. C.—I am sure I've done you, and that I gave you a good character. You've probably had a long wait and got impatient. Was it your manager who passed in his cheques one day late? Hope you got promotion on the strength of it.

REYNOLDS.—This is not a thoroughly developed study. It shows a good deal of observation, quiet and cautious method, nice taste and some refinement of feeling; there are good energy, generous and equable temper, truth and honesty in its lines. The writer is, I think, a person to be trusted.

TITANIA.—You are a real good fairy! I enjoyed your description of your trip to the Saguenay very much, and hope, some day, to go over it. But only ten days! One does not get the good of those places in such a passing glimpse. I have been several times down the rapids, and also to Quebec. Your ideas and language are very good. Again, please accept my thanks.

BACCHUS.—You think your writing is poor. Well, I don't agree with you altogether. It certainly is not pretty, but then you are not attractive at first sight yourself, nor have you the ingratiating manner which carries all before it. Behind the outer crust, however, are many good qualities. You are forceful, hopeful and rather anxious to rise, have good con-

stancy of purpose, original ideas and decided individuality. You are careless of details and don't always make a good appearance owing to lack of repose and self-control. I have seen much more attractive writing showing less merit. I am afraid yours is rather a soul divided against itself.

PAUL MELOY.—That's a new way of spelling it, my dear girl, for of course I know you are a girl since you tell me so. I am glad you thought me "awfully jolly" a long time ago. I have relapses in that direction occasionally, even now, and I should certainly know you from Adam. Adam was a man forty feet high, and brown and hairy, I quite believe, not a nice little pink and white maiden like you. Your writing shows a bright and receptive nature, fond of life and impatient of control, an excellent firmness of will, good energy and plenty of self-respect. I don't agree with you that it is better to be a bad woman than a nonentity. You didn't think so really, but such an utterance suits your vigorous nature. It's a frightful thing to be a bad woman. If nasty spiteful girls, as you call them, criticize you, there is no obligation laid upon you to care. It's the caring that makes the difference. 3. Perhaps I might study your "bit of a letter;" send it along. Whatever the girls say, you're not at all a bad sort, Pat asthore!

MAX.—So you offended her. Faith, I'd not like to do that, for she is a rare one to claw! But surely there was some way you might have appeased her. She's not vindictive, and, like many an Irish woman, her wrath soon burns out. As to the enclosure, it is all right; should you send it, I will take it in turn. It is not that I am romantic, dear boy. Never was a more practical soul. Probably I was worried and did not stop to think, but concluded that, as usual, the enclosure was of some special sentimental interest to you. As to your rather rude remark about my correspondents being servant girls, I can assure you that I never remember having been consulted by one of those young ladies since this column was started, though I know many of the sisterhood whose writing, to fit their characters, must needs be very excellent. If there were any sentences in your letter to my dear fellow journalist such as the one I've just referred to, I don't wonder she clawed you. She is a much better champion than I care to be, more shame to me!

SNOWFLAKE.—Now you've touched me on a sore spot. You say the snow, covering your dirty Winnipeg streets, is like the mantle of righteousness covering our hideous natures. The mantle of righteousness is not to my taste. I never care for a fine cloak to cover a dirty body. Nay, ye gods! Sooner would I be my epidermis spotless and paradise in Topsy's coffee-bag! And we haven't got hideous natures. Don't run away with me. I will not have any more of this. If you have any any and can cultivate any, then, by all means sneak under the mantle of righteousness. Now, you didn't bargain for this when you sent your little seed. 2. Your writing shows a level and well-tempered mind; not a desire to be enterprising, but a matter-of-fact disposition, lack of sequence of ideas, some culture, sharp judgment, variable temper; and against these traits which don't seem quite attractive, do they? They are a ladylike and refined nature, truthful and consistent, and you are young, young, young, with a pretty little reserve thrown in, with decided sensitiveness to praise and blame. I am possessed by the idea that you are quite a young girl, and by a desire to get you to look over the edge of your conventional spectacles and find out how far you can see without them, and how beautiful the view is—*comprende!*

It requires no guess work to see why.

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“COMPOUND”
“HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX.”

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the “A. M. C.” Medicine Co., Montreal, marked “Personal,” will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of “the mother sex.”

Here's An Important Item.

Has it occurred to you how easy, how comfortable and convenient it is now to take a day trip from Toronto to New York; if not, just a moment, while we tell you. On the 17th leave Toronto every week day at 9:05 a.m., get a third class parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12:30 p.m., leave on the Empire State express from the same station via the New York Central at 1 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State express and the New York Central, which is and always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy tickets through via New York Central at any regular ticket office. For any information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edson J. Weeks, general agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange street, Buffalo.

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In order to give everyone an opportunity see the western country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the west, north-west and south-west on the following days: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 3. The low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the east or south, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street East, Toronto, Ont.

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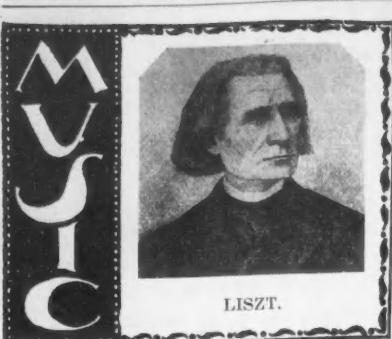
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LISZT.

The second annual concert of the combined Methodist choirs, which was given in Massey Hall on Monday evening last, attracted a very large audience. A chorus of about four hundred voices, an orchestra of nearly one hundred performers, Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor, with a number of the leading singers of the various Methodist churches as soloists, assisted also by several organists occupying positions in various churches of this influential denomination, constituted the musical forces for the occasion. The chorus developed a large body of tone but had evidently not had sufficient rehearsal for the work in hand. This was especially noticeable in *The Heavens are Telling*, in which disaster was frequently imminent. The exceedingly rapid tempo taken by Mr. Torrington at the beginning of the chorus altogether precluded any chance for an effective climax at the end. The first portion of the *Hallelujah Chorus* was also extremely ragged, and much relief was felt when the chorus rallied on the words *The Kingdom of the World*, after an amazing scramble in the first bit of involved contrapuntal work. The chorus, with Sheathed Swords, which was rendered in a listless and half-hearted manner, at least possessed the virtue of being sung with some semblance of cohesion between the parts, and consequently proved the most satisfactory chorus work of the evening. The vocal soloists were: Miss H. M. Dingie, alto; Miss Ida McLean, soprano; Miss Alice Burrowes, soprano; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor, and Mr. A. E. Gilchrist, bass, all of whom were warmly applauded, Miss McLean's reception amounting to a veritable ovation. The quartette composed of Misses Clara Rothwell and Lola Ronan, and Messrs. H. C. Johnson and A. Tilley, created a very favorable impression in the number contributed by them. Mr. Arthur Blakeley and Mr. B. K. Burden played as organ solos Wagner's *Tannhauser* overture and Rossini's *William Tell* overture, respectively. During the evening Mr. Torrington delivered one of his old-time speeches, in which he referred to the work of the Toronto Orchestral School and the part they were taking in the concert under notice, and expressed his pleasure at seeing the various Sunday school orchestras of the city represented on the platform. He also sounded a note of alarm concerning the younger conductors who were presuming to appear before the public, and expressed a suspicion that a plot was on foot among them to "run" him. Had any of the rascally upstarts to whom he referred been present, they must have left the building with a contraction of head measurement which would have necessitated the immediate purchase of a new spring hat. After this bit of amusing side play the concert was allowed to proceed. The work of the orchestra in their first two selections left much to be desired even when all allowances are made for the material of which the organization was composed. They redeemed themselves, however, in two well-chosen numbers later on, being enthusiastically and deservedly applauded.

The London *Musical Times* refers to the late Henry Leslie and the work of his famous choir in the following terms: "Leslie's success as choirmaster seems to have been due to a faculty for taking pains. He did not disdain to plod and it is said, would rehearse a madrigal or part-song for months, till no blemish could be found in its rendering. It is to his credit that he persevered in it. But Leslie was less wise in leading his choir outside unaccompanied part-music into the uncongenial region of oratorio and concerts of mixed works. A greater mistake was never made. The choir resented it, and the first rift within a precious unit began to show itself. In the end, Leslie resigned (1889) and the choir broke up." Referring to the International contest in Paris, 1867, when the Leslie Choir gained first prize over all competitors, another journal says: "The members are now nearly all well past middle life, but they remember with a thrill that proud moment when the youngest girl of their number advanced to the foot of the throne to receive the trophy from the hands of the Empress. It was well worth all the work of long months, of rising on winter mornings before daylight to practice, of meeting in cold sheds or in any available place. The gray-haired men and women grew young with the enthusiasm of youth as they recounted for the pleasure of the convention some of the events of that time." Mr. Joseph Heming, Mr. Leslie's chorister, who was entrusted with the details of organization, says: "As soon as it was known that a really *select* choir was formed we had many offers of help, but the material was often worthless and had to be declined. Frequently I gave offence to personal friends of Mr. Leslie and myself, but I knew that to admit second-rate singers would be to ruin the choir. Among those I tested and passed were Dr. Arnes, Madame Patey, and Joseph Barnby. Another duty I had was to subdivide the choir for eight-part work."

The meetings called by the executive of the Canadian Society of Musicians on Monday afternoon last were attended by the majority of our most prominent local musicians. Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton was also present and took an active part in the discussions during the earlier part of the afternoon. It was decided to institute local branches throughout the province, and steps were taken for the immediate formation of a branch society in this city. Mr. Jeffers' motion concerning a system of musical examinations under the auspices of the Society was also carried and will now likely go into effect. The majority of the meeting also expressed themselves in

sympathy with a motion of Mr. Torrington's in favor of the University of Toronto undertaking musical examinations of a similar character. The idea seemed to prevail, however, that the Education Department would not be likely to assume the responsibility of controlling examinations in practical music on the lines suggested in Mr. Jeffers' motion until the Society had first proven the utility and probable permanency of the undertaking. A scheme for examinations, including syllabus, etc., will, I understand, be submitted to the members of the C. S. M. at the next annual convention by a committee to be specially appointed.

The following very excellent programme was rendered at the College of Music on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field:

a—*Lack—Airetta* in F. Piano
b—*Beethoven—Presto* from *Sonata in F* Piano
Chopin Ballade in G Minor Piano
Miss E. McGibbon.

a—*Chopin—Nocturne, Opus 15* Piano
b—*Moszkowski—Valse in A flat* Piano
Miss Kathryn Birnie.

a—*Shut—Reverie* Piano
b—*Henselt—La Gonvala* Piano
Miss Beatrice Carter.

a—*Chopin—Mazurka* Piano
b—*Chaminade—Gigue* Piano
Miss Helen Snider.

Mozart Concerto in D Minor Piano
(with Cadenza by Reinecke)

Orchestral Accompaniment on 2nd Piano.
Miss Beatrice Carter.

a—*Liszt—Love Dream, No. 3* Piano
b—*Moszkowski—Valse in A, Opus 17* Piano
Miss Bessie Austin.

Weber Concertstück Piano

March—Finale.

2nd Piano Accompaniment.
Miss Kathryn Birnie.

Mr. Field is to be congratulated on the fine work of his pupils on this occasion. The recital will rank as among the most artistic and successful ever given at the College. Both technically and musically the playing of the young ladies was, without exception, worthy of the highest praise. The Weber Concertstück, if one might be permitted to particularize, was played by Miss Birnie with much brilliancy and unusual breadth of style. Vocal pupils of Signor Tessman contributed several numbers during the evening in a manner creditable alike to teacher and pupils.

The special Easter musical service rendered at St. Simon's church, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, will be repeated tomorrow evening. On Sunday evening last the church was crowded to the doors by a congregation which was deeply impressed by the appropriate and inspiring service arranged for the occasion. The principal musical features of the service, and which will be repeated at tomorrow evening's service, were: *Tallis' Festal Responses*; *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in F, Lee Williams; *anthem*, *Christ Our Passover*, Tours; solo, Mr. A. C. Fairweather, and a quartette by the following members of the choir: Master W. Wilson, Master F. Race, and Messrs. V. Hutchison and O. Wenbourne.

A concert in aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Y.M.C.A., will be given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next by the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The programme will embrace solos by members of the choir and the following unaccompanied choruses: Mendelssohn's motette, *Judge Me, O God*; Baumer's Chimes of Oberwesel; T. H. Mason's *Lullaby*; Gaul's *The Singers*, and J. Humphrey Anger's six-part madrigal, *Bonnie Belle*, and a chorus for men's voices, *In Absence*, by Dudley Buck. The choir will be specially augmented to a chorus of about fifty-five members. Several organ solos will also be rendered during the evening.

A recital will be given on the evening of April 20 by Miss Florence Marshall, pianist; Miss Adamson, violinist, and Miss Huston, mezzo-soprano. An interesting feature of the evening's programme will be the first production in Toronto of a composition for violin and piano, *Sonate Sentimentale*, by Eugen Woycke, a prominent Edinburgh musician and uncle of Miss Adamson. Miss Marshall and Miss Adamson leave for Germany in June for the purpose of continuing their musical studies there under the most prominent teachers of that country. Miss Shipe will be the accompanist at the above mentioned concert, which will be given in St. George's Hall.

Easter music at our various churches was of an unusually high order of merit this season. Selections from the *Messiah*, as usual, formed an important part of the services in the leading Protestant churches both on good Friday and Easter Sunday. Among the Roman Catholic churches mention should be made of the production of Dvorak's Mass in D by the excellent choir of Our Lady of Lourdes under the direction of Miss Fannie Sullivan. On Good Friday evening Mercedeante's Seven Last Words and Stainer's Crucifixion were sung at the Metropolitan Methodist church by the large and efficient choir under Mr. Torrington's direction.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson has been chosen by the committee of the Toronto Male Chorus Club to act as conductor of this well known and popular organization during Mr. Tripp's absence in Germany. The Club have the gratification of knowing that there is a handsome surplus in the treasury, and that under the talented leadership of Mr. Tripp the past season has been a most prosperous and harmonious one. It is the intention of the Club to present next season a very attractive programme of standard compositions for male voices, with the assistance, as in past seasons, of the very best solo talent available.

To L. H. S.—You probably refer to the College of Organists (Canada), which, I believe, has been defunct for several years. The Canadian Society of Musicians is still in the field and is beginning to show signs of returning prosperity. The membership, which is composed of all sections of our musicians, is, I believe, somewhat larger now than for some years past. The secretary is Mr. Walter H. Robinson, to whom I would refer you for further information.

The Foresters' concert in Massey Hall on Good Friday night attracted a large audience. Among the principal musical features of the

concert one might mention the excellent singing of Miss Mabel De Geer, soprano, and of Mr. S. S. Martin, bass. Miss De Geer possesses a voice of pure quality and sings with much expression and intelligence. Mr. Martin deserves to be heard more frequently on the concert platform. His singing on this occasion was marked by a rich quality of tone, distinct enunciation and a faithful adherence to true intonation. Mr. Martin was deservedly encouraged.

The combined Anglican church choirs are preparing for a concert to be given in Massey Hall at an early date. The Anglicans, I believe, were the first to institute denominational choir concerts. Several other churches have since experimented in the same direction. The idea is a good one and might well be imitated by all denominations.

Miss Ada Hart, the well known solo pianist, has been playing with great success in Ottawa and Kingston in connection with the concerts given by Miss Robinson and her associate artists in the Eastern cities mentioned. Press comments concerning Miss Hart's playing are very enthusiastic, her style and technique being both highly praised.

The choir of West Presbyterian church, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, will give Farmer's cantata, *Christ and His Soldiers*, in the church on Thursday evening next, with the aid of Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Farquhar, sopranos; Miss Dingie, contralto; Mr. W. A. Putland, tenor; Mr. F. H. Burt, bass, and Miss Jennie E. Williams and Mr. Arthur Hewitt accompanists.

Mr. Haslam's lecture on *The Unity of the Voice*, to which reference was made in last week's issue, will be given in the recital hall of Messrs. Nordheimer at half-past three o'clock this afternoon. Considerable interest is being manifested among vocal students in this lecture, and the hall will doubt be crowded.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has been granted affiliation with Toronto University. The newly formed relations between our State University and the Conservatory, which has developed into one of the most important musical institutions on the continent, should prove of mutual advantage.

The Toronto Philharmonic begin the study of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at next week's rehearsal. I am informed that it is the intention of the society to produce this fine work on June 2 next, in conjunction with the Boston Festival Orchestra and a strong cast of soloists.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger has resigned his position as organist of the Church of the Ascension.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, the popular leader of the choir of Berkeley street Methodist church, was presented with a beautiful onyx table and a handsome Doulton vase by the members of her choir the other evening.

Moderato.

Samson Wasn't in It.

Teacher—Sam, who war de strong's man in de worl?

Sam—Jonah, sah.

Teacher—Wha' makes yo' fink dat, chile?

Sam—Kase when de whale had 'im down he couldn't hold 'im.

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"Of course he has. I knew that."

"Then, why the dickens did you make me swear on my oath not to breathe a word of it to any living soul, especially not to Joe Cadby?"

"Because I wanted to have the fun of telling him all about it myself, you juggins! Why, I told him the very next day!"

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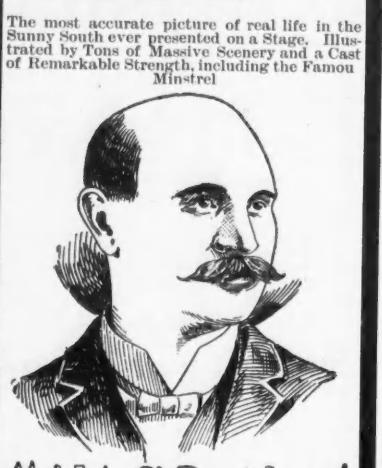
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The Power That Pulls Down.

I want to present a single idea in the fewest and clearest words at my command. Here goes for a try at it. From the time you are first able to stand on your feet, up to the time you can stand no longer, there is always a power pulling you backward and downward. You resist, and it persists. It wins partial victories over you every day, and finally it lays you by the heels. Now, what is the name of that power? Don't be too quick with your answer. It is the over-confident cricket who gets bowled out. Perhaps the reading of these letters may help you.

"In the spring of 1891," says a woman, "my health, previously good, began to fail. I am naturally as energetic as most people, and enjoy being up and doing, but now for some reason I feel low, weak and tired. I had no relish for food of any kind, and what I ate gave me a dull aches and a feeling of tightness and oppression around the waist, with shortness of breath."

"After a time the pains went to my shoulders and all over me. The distress after eating was so great that I hesitated before swallowing a mouthful, well knowing what the result would be. I took many medicines, but none of them gave me any ease. As time went on I became weaker and weaker, often leaving my household work for a bit so as to lie down on the couch and rest. And as this debility increased upon me my spells of work got shorter and my spells of rest longer."

"Sometimes feeling a trifle better and then again worse, this was practically my condition month after month. I saw a doctor, but his medicines did me little or no good. He said I was suffering from weak lungs, and would have to get my strength back gradually. The autumn and winter of 1891-2 slowly passed and I was about the same, only more thin and feeble. I had almost given up hope of getting really well again."

"In April, 1892, I was in our shop one day and heard a customer speak about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and what remarkable cures of different ailments it had done in the district. 'It may be the right thing for me,' I said, and sent for it that very day. After taking one bottle I could eat better, without any distress or pain to come after it. With the additional food I gained strength, and one week after another, while keeping on with Mother Seigel's Syrup, I found myself able to do more work and needing less rest between times. I took only the 'Seigel's'; no other medicine. I could stand and walk once more without thinking about it, and was soon in as good health and spirits as ever. You are free to print my name if you desire. (Signed) Mrs. Emma Cottingham, wife of G. W. Cottingham, grocer and ironmonger, Scotter, Lincoln, April 20, 1895."

"For over four years," says another, "I suffered from constant weakness. My natural strength was gone, and nothing I did or took seemed to bring it back. My food—and I ate but little, having no appetite—did not go to the spot, as we say. I was none the better or stronger for eating it. Indeed I was the worse; for it caused me great pain and distress in the stomach, chest, sides and back. I was working in the mill and never quite gave up my employment; but I did my work in the face of pain and weakness. Finally, I was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I heard of it by means of a little book. The Syrup stopped the pain after eating and soon I was another and a brighter woman. My strength came back and I can walk, stand and work with ease. (Signed) Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, Silk street, Glossop, October 10, 1895."

"Now what was the power that pulled these women down? 'Weakness,' you say, and 'they are weak.' But what is weakness? Is it a disease? No, old age always brings it, and it is always one of the results of disease. Strength, the opposite of weakness, is created only by digested food. Nothing else under the sun will produce it. Lose the ability to digest your food and soon your legs tremble beneath you, your fingers lose their grip, your head its steadiness, and your mind its clearness and courage. The word 'weakness' comes from a Saxon word meaning to yield, to fail, to give way. By its wondrous virtue in correcting the machinery of digestion and enabling the system to get 'the good' of its daily food by this, I say, Mother Seigel's Syrup, used in time, overcomes weakness and restores strength."

But, mark you! there is a mystery in this simple explanation, so deep we must reserve the discussion of it for another occasion.

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When a bicyclist rider happens to be caught out in the rain, as he cannot carry an umbrella, and a rubber coat is very close and uncomfortable, he is, therefore, sure to get wet.

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Working up into a place of prominence is the Dress Goods department. The greatest care has been exercised in the selection of the present season's stock, and it will be found that many exclusive high class novelties are here at very reasonable prices. Our special ranges of Black and Colored Dress Goods at 50c. and 75c. per yard are exceedingly choice and embrace about every novelty now worn in fancy effects.

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HENRY—March 21, Mrs. E. J. Henry—a daughter.
ZIEGLER—April 6, Mrs. E. G. Ziegler—a daughter.
COWLER—April 7, Mrs. Auguste Boile—a son.
CRAWFORD—April 8, Mrs. T. George Crawford—a daughter.
DELA MERIE—April 6, Mrs. T. Delamere—a son.

MARRIAGES.
FORSTER FORESTER—April 2, William C. D. Forster to Celia S. G. Forster.
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DEATHS.
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